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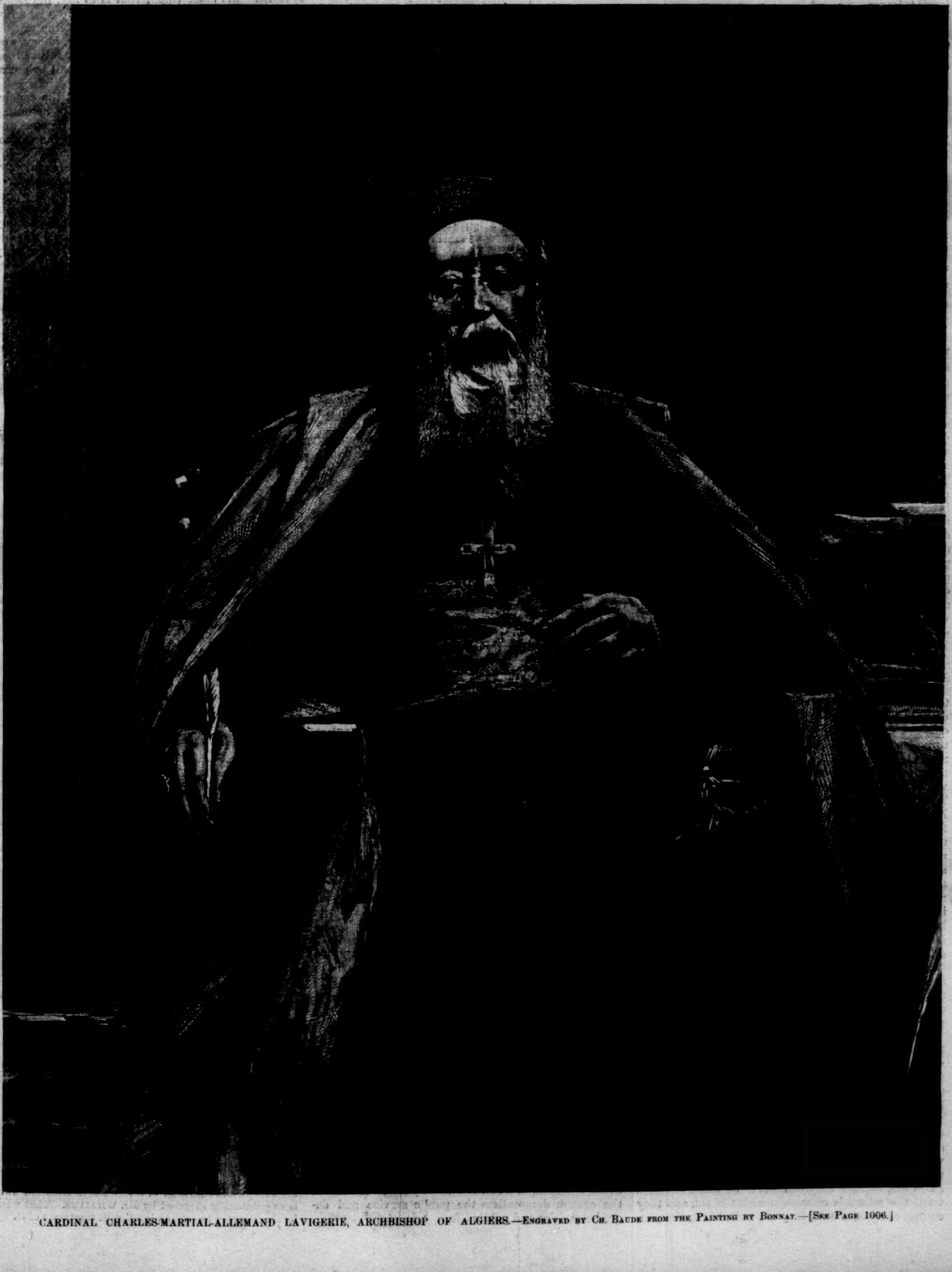

CARDINAL CHARLES-MARTIAL-ALLEMAND LAVIGERIE, ARCHBISHOP OF ALGIERS.—Engraved by Ch. Baude from the Painting by Bonnat.—[See Page 1006.]

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 29, 1888.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

MR. ADAMS ON RAILROADS.

WHATEVER Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS says of railroads commands general attention and has great weight, because of his knowledge of the subject, his ability, honesty, and courage. He speaks not only as a "railroad man," but as a good citizen, and his recent speech at the Commercial Club in Boston has elicited a great deal of comment. The subject is one of the utmost general interest because of the vast amount of private investment in railroad securities of every kind, and of the immediate relation of the railroads to the prosperity of the country. They are private enterprises, but they exist for public purposes, and are largely regulated by law. The inter-State commerce act was designed to remedy some of the chief difficulties which the immense extension of the railroad system in the country had developed. But it is evident that no law could supply the place of the honesty and ability upon which all great enterprises depend, and which are the basis of confidence upon the part of investors. The management of railroads is intrusted to certain officers who are elected by the shareholders, and theoretically every road is under the control of its shareholders. But practically every road is in the hands of a very few men who own a large interest, and upon whose good faith the great body of small holders rely.

When, therefore, an expert like Mr. ADAMS says that the present unsatisfactory railroad situation is due not to legislation of any kind, but to "the covetousness, want of good faith, and low moral tone of those in whose hands the management of the railroad system now is," he raises a note of alarm which must be heeded, especially when he adds that these words are not so strong as the occasion would justify. The railroad system of the country west of Chicago he holds to be now managed in utter disregard of the fundamental ideas of truth and fair play, which are the basis of civilization itself, and of course such management can end only in great disaster. This situation is not to be remedied, he thinks, by legislation, and in fact the existing legislation designed to remedy or to relieve it has only made it worse. The inter-State commerce act prohibits pooling, and its long and short haul clause tends to ruin the subsidiary local railroads, and with them the local centres of trade, and by concentrating traffic upon the long-haul routes it discriminates against the smaller cities, and finally against Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, in favor of New York. Thus the inter-State act has aided and strengthened the forces which it was intended to check.

Mr. ADAMS states what has been long obvious, that the railroads of the country are tending toward some vast system of consolidation. They have already felt the tendency toward the "Trust" which characterizes all great commercial enterprises at this time. He does not dread it, because he thinks it may be wisely regulated in the general interest. What he does apprehend is a premature adoption of some such scheme for which the situation is not yet ripe. He would, therefore, gladly see an amendment of the pooling and long and short haul clauses of the inter-State act, because they can never be made effective until the railroads co-operate with the act, and they cannot co-operate until they are united in one responsible organization to enforce its provisions. But Mr. ADAMS's suggestions are inadequate for the evil. A responsible organization of men who conduct business upon principles subversive of civilization would merely strengthen their malign power. It would be extraordinary legislation which should practically authorize such men to combine still more closely for the mastery of the entire railroad system of the country. That would constitute a power which might defy the government itself or illicitly control it. The vast aggregations of capital and business known as Trusts may be due to resistless tendencies of the time, which are constantly manifesting themselves. But such tendencies always bring with them special perils. Another tendency of the time quite as obvious as that toward Trusts is that of money control of politics. Under the fine talk of protection of American labor the tendency is plainly to legislate by moneyed interests for their own benefit. The characteristics of the present management of the railroad system as described by Mr. ADAMS are precisely those which should be distrusted. Greater power should not be given to covetousness, want of good faith, low moral tone, and a debased standard of commercial honor.

AN "ARISTOCRATIC CLASS."

SENATOR INGALLS says in defence of the spoils system:

> "There are thousands of men in my State whom I have never seen, yet who make my cause their own, who defend my acts and my words, who would fight for me, who would sacrifice rest and spend money for me, who would get up at midnight and ride a horse forty miles to set at work influences in my behalf. Well, I am a very immoral politician—I want to give those men some of the things we have won."

If Senator INGALLS wishes to reward personal services to himself, why should he take public money for the purpose? Why should the public service be disturbed in order that he may pay people for running upon his errands? It is quite right that he should put his hand in his own pocket for this purpose, but it is not right that he should put it into the public Treasury.

Nor does it become right by begging the question and describing the wages of non-political employments in the public service as "things that we have won." The good sense of the people determines what are the things won in an election, and the Senator admits that the people do not seem to agree with him upon this point. The most intelligent and reasonable public opinion holds that what is won in an election is not the salaries of clerks and postmasters, but the power to put a certain public policy into the form of laws, and to intrust the execution of such laws to those who approve them. But the places that he would give to those who get up at midnight to attend to his private affairs are not places which are concerned with enforcing a political policy. The duties of these places are precisely the same whatever the laws may be, and the mischiefs arising from making them the loot of an election are so great and so obvious that the greatest American statesmen have described them as perilous to the continued existence of the government. Senator INGALLS thinks this opinion to be ill-founded, and that the reform in accordance with it would be un-American and undemocratic, and would lead to the establishment of a privileged class and an aristocracy. Why it is flagrantly un-American and undemocratic to select clerks by ascertaining their qualifications in actual trial of the duties to be discharged, and peculiarly American and democratic to allow politicians to quarter upon the public Treasury the men who run their errands, the Senator wisely refrains from stating. Or how clerks who may be removed from the public service at any moment for any cause which would result in their dismissal from a railroad office, or from any other business counting-room, constitute an aristocracy, he likewise omits to state. This objection of aristocratic privilege is one of the oldest and most effectually discredited of all gibes at reform. If a man will take the trouble to define the words privilege and aristocracy, he will see the folly of the sneer.

It is the system which enables Senator INGALLS to reward his personal dependents and runners at the public expense which may be truly described as constituting a class. Under that system the great body—probably ninety per cent.—of the people are effectually excluded from all chance of participation in the minor public service. The key to that service is the personal favor of a politician, and under the spoils system the clerks and postmasters and employés are not in place because of proper qualification, but because of "a pull." They do not retain their places by efficiency and good conduct, but by their readiness to get up at midnight and ride forty miles to pull a wire for a Senator. This is a system which is certainly neither American nor democratic, and which, as Senator INGALLS says, the people wish to see reformed. And they wish to see it reformed, not because the Senator's runners are thieves, but because the system demoralizes the public service and degrades politics and public life.

DANGEROUS IDLENESS.

THE situation in the State-prisons of New York is worthy of careful consideration. There are about thirty-five hundred convicts, in the full vigor of manhood, supported in complete idleness at an annual expense of about four hundred thousand dollars to the people of the State. The necessary work for the care of a prison itself can be done by a very few men. Thirty out of the sixteen hundred at Sing Sing would do the work of the prison. What is the result of this situation? It is an enormous cost for the State, and an immense increase of suffering, insanity, crime, and wretchedness. It is a situation without a single excuse or alleviation, and it is both a disgrace and danger to the community. It is due, of course, to the deference of the Legislature to what is called "the labor vote"; that is to say, the Legislature believes that the great mass of those who live by daily wages in this State prefer that the prisons shall become festering masses of disease, idiocy, and every form of physical and moral decay rather than that the thirty-five hundred prisoners shall be put at honest labor.

This is the error of demagogues, not the conclusion of sensible men. It is the result of assuming the most contemptuous view of the intelligence and humanity of the body of the people as the correct view. It commits a crime against the State and against humanity itself in order to catch a vote. The support by any public man or by any party of a plan which reduces the State-prisons to a condition which is now threatened ought to be a conclusive reason with every honest voter for inflexibly opposing the man or the party. The whole number of convicts, including those in the jails, is probably ten thousand in the State. The YATES bill, against whose passage the most enlightened sentiment of the State protested, but which was passed at the extra session, restricts convict labor to the manufacture of supplies for public use, building and repairing prisons, and reclaiming swamp lands, and agriculture. This bill is founded upon no consistent principle. It abolishes the use of motive power and prohibits the manufacture of any article for sale. The question of prison policy is one of the most important of State questions. But this bill was "rushed through" in an extra session of a day or two, in the height of a Presidential campaign, the politician in the Executive Chamber and the politicians in the Legislature trying to outwit each other, and naturally the interests of the State were sacrificed.

The New York State-prisons are now practically idle. There has been an enormous loss of "plant," and a very much worse loss is threatened. There are certain fundamental considerations in regard to the subject which no party exigency and no demagoguery can possibly alter. One is that convicts must be employed, unless the State is to suffer in every way by making the prisons, at an enormous expense, nurseries of imbecility and crime. Another is that they cannot be properly employed without competing in some degree with labor out of prison. The present New York scheme is a desperate endeavor to disregard both of these facts. It is unworthy of a civilized community, and if the Prison Association would undertake the circulation of petitions upon the subject, there would be a representation of public opinion to the Legislature so imposing that it could not be disregarded.

THE SOUTHERN SITUATION.

THE letter from South Carolina printed elsewhere in these columns is from Mr. A. B. WILLIAMS, an editor in Greenville, to whom General HARRISON addressed his recent letter upon the proper policy to be pursued in the Southern States. The letter is a very candid and strong statement of the situation as it appears to a Southern Democrat, and in excellent temper it presents undoubtedly the view of the great part of the intelligent and earnest people of the Southern States. It is plain that there is no simple and summary solution of the problem.

Mr. WILLIAMS frankly states his party sympathies. But he would doubtless agree that party spirit greatly aggravates the difficulty of wise action. The citizen of South Carolina who would aid such action effectively must not begin by devotion to a party, because that will necessarily prevent his candid consideration upon its merits of any measure or policy of relief. He must, for instance, judge the course of General HARRISON when he becomes President, not as that of a Republican, but of a statesman and a patriot. The antipathy for the Republican party felt by Mr. WILLIAMS and his friends is due to the fact that that party in its tone and course upon the Southern question has considered its own advantage as a party, and not the public welfare. But nothing would be gained by substituting Democratic party spirit for Republican party spirit.

If General HARRISON should show by his appointments in South Carolina, for instance, that he seeks honest and capable men rather than party politicians, Mr. WILLIAMS and his friends might wisely conclude that Republicans as such need not be regarded as enemies. General HARRISON as President, indeed, could perform no greater public service than by demonstrating that his party comprehends the exceptional character of the Southern situation which is so graphically sketched by Mr. WILLIAMS. That would be the first step toward an intelligent treatment of it.

JEFFERSONIAN PRINCIPLES.

A BRIEF paper by W. L. SCRUGGS, in the November issue of the *Magazine of American History*, points out the fact that the "Jeffersonian principles," of which so much is said, as if they were the fundamental principles of the government, have been effectually and conclusively discredited by our experience and by final adjudication. JEFFERSON'S view of the Union was that of "a department of foreign affairs." He held that the State is sovereign and independent, and the nation but a league of such sovereigns, who had delegated certain powers to an agency called the general government.

This view, with its necessary results, was formulated by JEFFERSON in the Kentucky resolutions of 1798, in which he announced the theory, which is the fundamental Jeffersonian principle, that in the Union, which was a compact between States, "each party has a right to judge for itself, as well of the infraction as of the mode and measure of redress." In a draft of these resolutions he mentioned "nullification" as the rightful remedy. This remedy was proposed in 1832, and in 1861 another mode and measure of redress was attempted. The renowned Jeffersonian principles therefore are, in plain English, nullification and secession.

Mr. SCRUGGS proceeds to show that the "Constitution as it is" is incompatible with the Jeffersonian principles, because the fourteenth article reaches far beyond slavery and all its incidents, and "upsets completely the Jeffersonian theory of local allegiance." It is absurd to protest eternal fidelity to the "time-honored Jeffersonian principles of constitutional government," and in the same breath to profess allegiance to "the Constitution as it is." This is a concise and instructive way of stating the truth that the differences in interpretation of the constitutional relation of the States and the Union have been finally and happily composed. The fundamental constitutional principles are Washingtonian, not Jeffersonian.

SUBWAYS.

THE necessity of a subway for the wires of all the new inventions for the public convenience needs no demonstration, and the way should be constructed and utilized without delay. Judge LAWRENCE says very properly that the State has ordered certain companies to do certain things, which they contend cannot be done in the way specified. The law nevertheless must be obeyed, and if it proves to be impossible to do what is required without injury to the public convenience, the law will be modified.

The public eagerness for the immediate enjoyment of the new inventions is so great that there is a good-natured endurance of the clumsy and ugly and often dangerous contrivances by which at the outset they are made practicable. The curiosity and pleasure in the electric-lights, for instance, are at first so great that the disfigurement of the streets by a new series of huge unsightly poles is tolerated. But as the peril arising from the ready derangement and falling of the wires becomes evident, the duty of public protection becomes imperative. The companies naturally resist, but the public must persist if the streets are to be kept secure for their proper use and free from ugly obstruction.

There is no country where in matters of general convenience the public is so good-naturedly long-suffering as this, and it is a subject of hearty congratulation when a judge on behalf of the public takes a strong, common-sense view of the situation like that indicated by Judge LAWRENCE.

A LETTER FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

"GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

"YOU recently printed a letter I had the honor to receive from President-elect HARRISON, and spoke briefly of the indications that letter gave of the policy likely to be used in the Southern States by the next administration. I ask of you the opportunity to put before the thoughtful and conservative people among whom your journal goes some facts which are generally unknown or forgotten.

"There is a 'Southern situation,' an abnormal, unusual political condition, demanding from wise statesmanship political methods different from those used in other parts of the country where the conditions are natural and wholesome. The South was the scene of one of the most sudden and violent revolutions in history. Within five years a rich and arrogant people was made poor and beaten, and millions of men who had been held by those people as slaves were made freemen and voters and the political rulers of their former masters. The statement of the event must carry with it conviction that it left distortions on the surface and dangers beneath it, as surely as a volcanic explosion must leave earth cracks above and heat below. More by the teachings of instinct and the guidance of nature than by definite plan or with purpose, the Southern people have to a degree restored the conditions so violently reversed. The whites, owners of the soil and property, descendants of generations of freedom and civilization, again rule, and the negroes, newly freed slaves, representing only muscular labor, and descendants of generations of barbarism and slavery, are agained ruled. Heredity has asserted its power.

"These two races are on the same territory, nominally the same people, with legal rights and positions in all respects equal, with the color line dividing them politically and socially. The mass of the negro race in the South is composed of farm and day laborers, whose intelligence varies over a scale from that of the average white mechanic to a barely perceptible remove from actual barbarism. They are all Republicans. They believe the Republican party made them free; they know the little lease of political power that they had was under the patronage of the Republican party, and that in that party is their only hope of return to power. They also know that the white men who fought to keep them in slavery, and who have taken their power from them, are called Democrats. They know nothing of political creeds, principles, and platforms, or of the characters or purposes of candidates, and care nothing for them. They reason by what they see and know within their own observation, and from their point of view they reason properly and wisely. Much more wisdom and intellectual training than they have is required to induce men to accept the belief that power is sometimes a curse to its possessor. The more intelligent, educated, and well-to-do negroes are naturally in sympathy with their race. Aside from that, the more highly developed the colored man is, the more bitterly he must chafe under the restrictions put upon him by the enveloping conditions. Every hour of the day he has to realize that he is thought of as an inferior by the poorest white man he meets. Merchandise, independent manufacture, law, and medicine are closed against him, because the patronage of his own race is rarely enough to support him in any of them. His social life is confined to those he feels to be beneath him, or to the very small circle of his race equal to him in acquirements. His resentment against the race holding itself above him, and keeping him down while he feels the power and the impulse to rise, intensifies the tendency created by instinct and interest to stand with his color, to look to it and to the Republican party for the fulfilment of his hopes and ambitions.

"How is it with the white man? He may be a descendant of old Whig or Federalist stock, all his impulses and opinions may be with the Republican party and its principles; yet if he votes the Republican ticket and becomes a member of the Republican party in the South, he is part of and helping an organization the local bulk and strength of which is the unreasoning, ignorant, irresponsible negro vote. He cannot know who will direct that vote or receive its power in municipal, State, or district politics, but he knows the chances will always favor the most unscrupulous, cunning, and reckless leader, the man who will promise most to a people unable to measure promises, and pander most diligently to prejudices where they are most easily aroused. If a violent demagogue can sometimes carry with him hosts of your reading, thinking, self-respecting Northern working-people, what can he not do with such material as he will have to work with here? Let it be remembered that this is not theory. In some States of the South the governments resting on the solid negro vote in a short time piled up bonded debts, for which there was no occasion or actual return, which we will not finish paying in twenty years; in some the militia companies, fully armed and equipped, were composed entirely of negroes, subject to be inflamed to any atrocity by accident or design, incapable of understanding the results of their own acts, no more fit to be trusted with weapons than so many children. These are serious facts and considerations with the Southern white man. They involve his business, his tax rates, the development of his country, and the peace and safety of his family. They not only keep him away from the Republican party; they keep him inside the Democratic organization as the one power between his State and black rule, and make him as much the servant of that organization, and as prompt and zealous in action with it, as utterly debarred from freedom of thought and act, as if he was a soldier of an army marching through a hostile country.

"The white people and the Democrats of the South are as eager as any for the relief of the situation, and for freedom from the strain of keeping the negro vote down, and the fear of having it regain control and force blight and ruin on the country. Our condition is not wholesome for the republic or for us as States and individuals. A large Southern vote is represented in the Electoral College and the House of Representatives, but never cast; it is here, repressed, gathering strength perhaps from its repression, threatening always. Suppose the white men stay away from the Federal boxes and allow the black half of the population to send the Representatives now sent by the white half, will that improve the position? No power can give assurance that the black vote would be confined to the Federal boxes. If there could be such assurance I believe two-thirds of the whites would be glad to barter their rights of representation in the Federal government for undisputed control of their States, counties, and cities, for the power other people have to divide among themselves on questions of local policy.

"The educational qualification is prescribed for our troubles. Its first practical effect is to add to the mass of sullen, resentful, disfranchised negroes a smaller but more active and aggressive mass of sullen, resentful, disfranchised white men, the two together making a majority of the men of each State, and offering a standing inducement to politicians and parties to obtain permanent power by bringing about the restoration of the manhood franchise. Without that consideration would it be wise or humane to establish by law what would be practically a race difference, to leave the negro, at this late day, entirely powerless, at the mercy of the white man, without his former value as property or his present strength as a political factor? He would be as prey inviting aggression, and the utmost efforts of the vast number of white Southern Democrats who wish to see him have fair play could not secure it for him when the interests or sentiment of the time opposed it. He would receive the same fair play the all-mastering, eager white man, unrelenting in acquisition, has given the Indian and the Chinaman.

"If what I say is accepted as truth, the failure of the plan for dealing with the South indicated by General HARRISON is sure. The Southern white people do not ask to be either petted or driven, because the two policies are equally powerless in releasing them from the hard political obligations to which they are bound by necessity. They will not divide on the tariff question. They are already divided on that and other issues in sentiment, but they dare not divide in action.

"To leave the situation undisturbed will not be statesmanship, good morals, or good politics. If every Democratic office-holder in the South should be left unmolested during the coming four years, the end of that time would find the relations and membership of the parties unchanged. Every negro would be a Republican, and not a white man would have become one. The differences and lines between the parties in the South are deeper than any questions of policy or principle or patronage. They are the differences and lines between Anglo-Saxon and Ethiopian, between former master and former slave, between aggregated capital and aggregated labor, between a race kept down by sentiment, custom, inheritance, and necessity, and a race forced by sentiment, custom, inheritance, and necessity to keep it down. The evils will increase with time. As the two races increase they will crowd each other within their territory, and the struggle for place and foothold will become stronger and harder; as the educated class increases among the negroes, its pressure against the confining, repressive forces above will be more serious, and the friction will be more irritating to both sides.

"Any scheme which contemplates the amalgamation of the races may be rejected instantly. It is an impossibility, because it is abhorrent to every nerve and sentiment of white men. Those of them who can bring themselves to cool thought upon that subject are convinced that the practical result of amalgamation would be the merging of both races in a mongrel, useless to itself, and an everlasting weight upon the country.

"The situation is told here as it appears to one who is part of it and in it, and who has tried to give intelligent thought to its realities, stripping away the pretences with which it is covered by the politicians and political writers of the respective sides as sentiment, interest, and ignorance suggest.

"As the personal position of the writer may give some light to those who think of the subject as it is here presented, I venture to give the information that I am the editor of a South Carolina newspaper and a Democrat, believing with the Democratic party in its every principle and theory, and loving it, hoping to vote always in the future, as always in the past, a straight Democratic ballot.

"As I love and believe in the Democratic party, I love and believe in this Republic and its people, and in my heart there is an earnest, enduring faith that the American people, at the right time and in the right way, will find and use the solution of the problem presented to them here, as they have solved the many dangerous and puzzling questions which they have had to consider in the past, and will dispose of these troubles wisely and justly. I have written with the hope of humbly helping to that end by directing public thought to the two facts that (1) there is a distinctive 'Southern situation,' and (2) that it is not to be dealt with or disposed of by a single expedient or plan devised and executed offhand, and will demand careful study, mature thought, patience, and mutual forbearance, that right may be done on all sides.

"A. B. WILLIAMS."

PERSONAL.

JOHN TYLER, son and private secretary of President TYLER, still lives at Washington. He holds the place of "representative of the public" on the board which superintends the destruction of mutilated currency, to which he was appointed by President ARTHUR and Secretary FOLGER. Mr. TYLER served his father without any salary from the government, the bitter political antagonism of Congress preventing an appropriation for that purpose. He fought on the Confederate side during the rebellion, but this did not prevent General GRANT from making him Revenue Collector for Florida, Postmaster at Jacksonville, and District Attorney. Mr. TYLER, although over sixty years old, is active and erect, and full of reminiscences of Washington city.

—The poet WHITTIER observed his eighty-first birthday at his home in Danvers, Massachusetts, last week, the day being marked by the visits of a few friends and the arrival of many letters of congratulation. Mr. WHITTIER wears his age easily, and retains his interest in current affairs, although he grows more and more averse to having his quiet home life broken in upon by visits abroad.

—The death of NATHANIEL J. BRADLEE, of Boston, from heart-disease, while travelling on a train the other day, was a fitting termination of his active life. He had been the architect of over five hundred buildings in Boston, and at various times has held over one hundred millions of property in trust.

—Miss IDA E. NEUMANN, of Providence, Rhode Island, a successful missionary worker among the Chinese of that city, has braved public sentiment and married BERT LEE, a refined and Christianized young Celestial. Mr. LEE was graduated from the Greenfield (Massachusetts) High-School, studied for two years in the Worcester School of Technology, and now holds a good business situation. He belongs to the Mount Vernon Street Congregational Church, and made Miss NEUMANN'S acquaintance while both were engaged in Chinese Sunday-school work.

—Steps are being taken at Providence, Rhode Island, to erect a monument to Governor THOMAS W. DORR, one of the earliest advocates of equal rights and a broader suffrage. The so-called "DORR war" was the result of the agitation begun by him.

—Colonel ALFRED C. RIVES, father of Miss AMÉLIE RIVES CHANLER, has for some years been general manager and consulting engineer for the Panama Canal Company, at a salary of $25,000 a year. He recently returned to Virginia to spend the holidays, but the disastrous turn in the canal company's affairs has forced him to hasten to Paris.

—Mrs. Judge THURMAN, at least, does not mourn over the defeat of her husband in the last election. She is glad to be permitted to remain at Columbus, Ohio, and occupy the large new double house, which was erected for the Judge and his son ALLEN W. THURMAN.

—The proposed THOMAS orchestral concerts in this city will include four evening performances and six matinées. Distinguished artists will take part in almost all the concerts. The committee of ladies that has taken this enterprise in hand is already hard at work. Due notice will be given of the opening of the subscription-books. The dates are fixed as follows: Evening concerts, January 8th, February 5th, March 5th and 28th; afternoon concerts, January 17th and 24th, February 7th and 14th, March 14th, and April 4th.

—FENIMORE COOPER'S only daughter still lives at the old home of the novelist at Cooperstown, on Lake Otsego.

—Mr. PARNELL has half promised to come to America again next year.

—Mr. DAVID M. STONE, of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, is perhaps as literally the editor of his paper as any newspaper man in the country. With a single exception, not an editorial that he has not either written himself or carefully edited has gone into his journal during the last twenty-nine years.

—The pastor of the Methodist church at Roseville, Illinois, is at loggerheads with Republican members of his flock because he refused to accept money won on election bets in liquidation of the church debt.

—The Duke of Sutherland, who is now in this country, is the greatest land-owner in Great Britain, his possessions, which are principally in Scotland, embracing 1,358,545 acres. Stafford House, the Duke's London residence, is perhaps the most magnificent mansion in the city. His father paid $360,000 for it, and $1,250,000 has since been spent in improving and decorating it. Since the Duke's arrival in America his wife, a lady of great nobility of character and a favorite of the Queen, has died in England.

—ELLIS PHELAN, an ex-Confederate soldier, was elected Judge of Probate in Waterbury, Connecticut, at the last election, and on the same day a Union veteran was chosen a member of the Alabama Legislature in the same district where PHELAN formerly lived.

—WILLIAM F. DREISMAN, an old soldier, and one of the captors of JEFFERSON DAVIS at the close of the war, has sued the United States government at El Paso, Texas, for $293, his share of the reward voted by Congress for aiding in the capture of the President of the Confederacy. DREISMAN at the time received a draft for the amount, but mislaid it. He then drifted out to California and was lost sight of, and during his absence a duplicate draft was issued to the administrators of his estate in Suffolk County, Massachusetts, as he was supposed to be dead.

—Mrs. FRANCES ANN REBECCA TODD, living near Novi, Michigan, is one hundred and nineteen years old, and is supposed to be the oldest woman in this country. She was born in Norway, but came to this country when young, and has been married three times, eleven children being the result. She chews and smokes.

—CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, JOSEPH H. CHOATE, and their friends have organized an athletic club which has spent $200,000 on its head-quarters, gymnasium, and running track.

—Among the celebrities of New Orleans is General PHILIP REGIS DE TROBRIAND, formerly editor of the *Courrier des États Unis* in this city. He went to the war in 1861 as Colonel of the Fifty-fifth New York Regiment, and when peace was restored was a Major-General by brevet. During the struggle between the political factions of Louisiana in 1874 he was prominent as the head of the United States troops sent to New Orleans by the Federal government. After retiring from the army he bought a handsome place in New Orleans, where he lives among his flowers and pictures, for he is an enthusiastic florist and artist.

THE RIDEAU CANAL, BETWEEN KINGSTON AND OTTAWA, CANADA.
DRAWN BY SCHELL & HOGAN.

1. Locks at Jones's Falls. 2. Locks on the Ottawa River; Houses of Parliament and Post-Office in Background. 3. Head of the Ottawa Locks, at Dufferin and Sappers' Bridges.

CANALS AS DEFENCES.

ILLUSTRATIONS are herewith presented of the Rideau Canal, Canada's "military ditch," which the Dominion government is said to be on the point of deepening and otherwise improving, with a view to its defensive possibilities. This waterway was originally constructed by the British government to afford safe communication between tide-water and the Great Lakes by way of the Ottawa River. A glance at the map will show how this is accomplished, and why the Rideau Canal is a good example of a military waterway. The Ottawa is a branch of the St. Lawrence, and the latter for a long distance from Lake Ontario northeastward has American territory on its right bank, so that its navigation could there be obstructed by forts on the American shore. Ottawa is situated about ninety miles above the junction of the Ottawa River with the St. Lawrence, and about ninety-five from Kingston, on the north shore of Lake Ontario. The construction of the Rideau Canal from Kingston to Ottawa by Colonel BY, of the Royal Engineers—from whom Bytown, now Ottawa, was named—accordingly gave a line of water communication in Canadian territory independently of that part of the St. Lawrence which could be commanded by American guns. It cost a great deal of money, and the expenditure of much of it near Bytown caused the early growth of that city. Sixty years ago the commission to build the canal was given, but only in 1854 was Bytown incorporated as a city under its present name. Now, as the capital of the Dominion, it is justly proud of its handsome Parliament buildings, of which the "Eastern Block," together with the Post-office, may be seen in the background of one of our sketches. Of the other two sketches one shows the military depot and the Lake Ontario port of the canal, with the locks, about thirty miles from Kingston, while the other presents the lock at the Dufferin Bridge, Ottawa—the Sappers' Bridge in the background. The canal does not now have much commerce, but its military and commercial value in case of the obstruction of the St. Lawrence must be manifest.

A suggestion brought up by the Rideau Canal is that of the expediency of providing a similar line of interior waterways for combined defensive and commercial purposes along our Atlantic coast. This subject has recently attracted attention by the voyage of Admiral LUCE in the steam-launch *Vizen* through a part of the proposed course, from New York to Norfolk. The matter has been for several years before Congress, and in 1884 a House resolution directed the Secretaries of War and the Navy to report "at the earliest day practicable upon the feasibility and expediency of constructing an interior coast line of waterways for the defence of the Atlantic and Gulf seaboard, together with an outline plan of the same, and a general estimate of the cost thereof." A board headed by General NEWTON made a preliminary report upon this project, from which it was evident that the proposed route, beginning in Massachusetts Bay, would cut through Cape Cod peninsula near Sandwich to Buzzard's Bay about on the line already undertaken by private enterprise; then following the line of Long Island Sound to New York Harbor, it would cross New Jersey by widening and deepening the existing canals so that they would accommodate the largest war vessels; proceeding down Delaware River and Bay, it would thence cut across the Maryland peninsula into Chesapeake Bay. A canal has already existed and been in practical operation there for many years, but officers of the Engineer Corps have recommended an entirely new canal on a different line. Continuing south through Chesapeake Bay, this interior line would reach southeastern Virginia, and by canal and river, utilizing probably either the Dismal Swamp Canal or the neighboring one, would reach Albemarle and Pamlico sounds; thence it would traverse the line of sounds extending along the coast between Morehead City and Cape Fear. On the southern part of the South Carolina coast there are natural advantages for constructing the interior line, and the same is true of the sounds and bays of Georgia. The next step, and the most expensive, would be that of cutting a canal across the Florida peninsula into the Gulf of Mexico. But once there, it would be easy to follow what the board called "the almost unbroken chain of sounds, bays, and lagoons along the coast of that gulf to the Delta of the Mississippi, and thence along Louisiana and Texas to the Rio Grande."

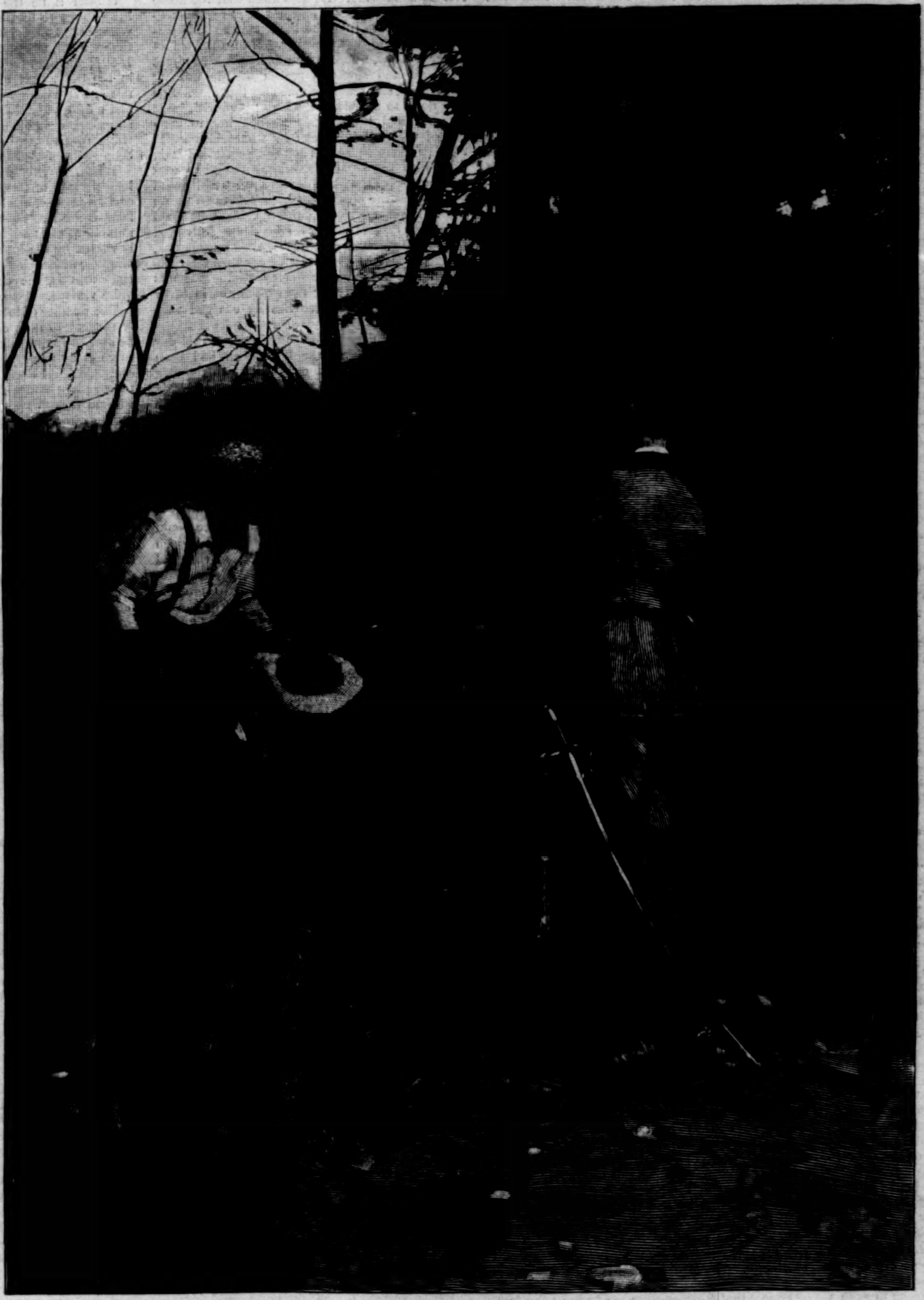
BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

VIII.

A QUESTION that occurred to Judge Armistead some five minutes later was as to Nelse's source of information about the movements of the cavalry—"the Rangers." No sooner had the old negro disappeared in the gloom of the orchard, leading the horse by the bridle-rein, than Miss Armistead and Hannah flew upstairs to the room recently occupied by the invalid, and were busily engaged in removing every trace of its recent occupation. Expecting to hear the tramp of horses' feet, the old man went proudly forth upon the broad piazza, intending to confront his accusers with all the dignity and decision of his race. He had felt almost ready to surrender his unbidden guest a few moments before, but the idea of a searching party being sent to his house instantly roused the antagonism of his nature and placed him on the defensive. For years he had lived in Virginia, and had been, when in his prime, a leading lawyer, and at all times a man honored and respected. Hospitable, open-hearted, open-handed, he found in his declining years that he had laid by but few pennies for the rainy day that was so sure to come; and the education of his children, and the liberal allowances accorded them, were only made possible by mortgaging his pretty home in Warrenton. The mortgage was foreclosed after the Presidential election of 1860, and not until after he had declined offers of help of every and any kind from most of the moneyed men of the community. Henry was rising in his profession in Richmond, they said, and in course of time the debt could be paid. It was not easy for the old man to say no to such kind and earnest offers; but he was proud as any of the Pharaohs, and it was his one boast that his word had ever been as good as his bond. He had still the old farm homestead up at Hopewell Gap, that had been the scene of the romance of his life, the home of the girl he wooed and won, the woman who, as his loved and honored wife, had made sunshine perennial at his hearthstone. It was hard to leave the old seat at his library window, that looked out over the peaceful churchyard where she lay sleeping the last, long, dreamless sleep; but there was soon reason why Warrenton would not have been a pleasant abiding-place even could he have held his home. When the spring-time came, Judge Armistead was thankful he had said no to the men who would have opened their purse-strings in his behalf, for he disappointed them one and all. After fierce debates and overheated oratory, the ordinance of secession went through with a yell, Virginia cast her lot with her Southern sisters, and to the very last moment, with all the earnestness and eloquence of which he was master, the old lawyer opposed it, and lost caste in a community where for a lifetime no man had so much as looked askance at him. Once taken, however, the step was irrevocable on part of his State, and true to the doctrine in which he had been reared, the Virginian threw himself heart and soul into her service. Henry had already buckled on the sword, and the Judge not only stinted himself that he might provide liberally for the young soldier's needs, but sold a valuable law library that he might contribute as liberally to the equipment of the troop in which his boy was promptly elected cornet before they were sworn into the service of the commonwealth. Nevertheless, there were not a few people who, in their enthusiastic devotion to the cause of the Confederacy, could not forgive it in an Armistead that he should have opposed—and strenuously opposed—Virginia's severance of the tie that bound her to the Union; and Lucy, his sweet-faced, gentle daughter, who was heart and soul a secessionist, without having any really well defined idea of what its consequences might be—Lucy was on several occasions treated by former friends and associates with conspicuous coolness or equally dangerous warmth, simply because of the stand he had taken. Being a young woman of no little spirit, despite her very cordial and winning manners, Miss Armistead had resented these impertinences with immediate and telling effect. From that time forth she "would have none of them," and there was civil war within civil war that spring-tide of '61 in the lovely old homes of Fauquier County. Perhaps it was just as well that they moved up to Hopewell about the time the news of Sumter came, and all the South was crying through its journalists and orators, "*Jacta est alea!* the day of our deliverance is come!" Lucy Armistead, in common with nine-tenths of the pretty girls of Virginia, had little doubt that it would be a matter of but a few months for the brothers and lovers in the glistening, gold-braided gray uniforms to march through Washington upon the populous cities of the North, and wring from a prostrate government the promise of future submission to the will of that imperious and warlike sisterhood, the new-born Confederacy. That McDowell and his army should dare advance into the heart of this sacred soil was temerity of the worst order. That he should be overwhelmed with panic, disaster, and ruin the moment he ventured into this broad and beautiful valley was simply inevitable, and he ought to have known it. Lucy never for an instant imagined anything else as a possible result. She had not done wondering at the abandonment of Manassas the following spring, when Jackson suddenly reappeared from the Peninsula and popped through the Gap into the very fields whereon the year before his envying comrade pointed him out, serene amid the storm of battle, "standing like a stone wall."



"THERE, BOWING, SMILING, SCRAPING, STOOD OLD NELSE."

And now what did it mean that here under their roof there lurked in hiding nearly an entire month a soldier of the hated North, an open and avowed enemy of their beloved Virginia? By all the laws of war he ought, despite his wounds and his helplessness, to have been turned over to the care of the Confederate cavalry, whose squadrons swept by the house the very day succeeding his sudden and most unwelcome appearance, but the letter borne to the gray-haired father was one he could not disregard: it made even the Yankee officer a sacred charge in their hands, to be secreted, nursed back to health and strength, and then, if not actually assisted to his regiment, at least suffered to go in peace. There was something pathetic, too, about the condition of their unbidden guest when, all unconscious of the test to which their boasted Virginia hospitality was being put, he was landed in delirium at their door. Bruised and cruelly lacerated when crushed under his wildly struggling horse, shot through the side and through the sabre arm, stunned by being hurled upon his head, and now burning with fever and moaning in his fitful dreaming, helpless and dependent as a little child, and friendless as Jeanne la Pucelle before her accusers at Rouen, he was lifted from the straw in that rude farm-wagon and borne in the arms of the negroes to the room set in readiness for his coming—yet not for such as he. No words can tell the father's consternation when he read Henry's brief but most urgent appeal, and learned that the senseless, almost dying man before him was an officer of the Union army and his son's once intimate and chosen friend at college. There was something he did not know even then, but that Lucy divined the instant her clear eyes glanced over that strange letter. It did not serve to make her one whit more kind to the stricken soldier. Anywhere else, under any other circumstances, she could have turned from him with bitterness and aversion. She kept her brother's letter to reread from time to time, she said, that it might keep her steadfast in the effort to do his will, and whether because of it or other considerations which she would have been the last to admit, she had most nobly acquitted herself of the task.

With Hannah's aid and that of their old cook, and the occasional services of Nelse, with her father's by no means trivial skill and experience in the cure of illness, with the youth and vigorous constitution of her patient to respond to their united efforts, Miss Armistead was soon able to assure herself that Henry's friend was on the high-road to recovery. Consciousness returned in a few days, the fever disappeared, the wounds healed rapidly; but no sooner did he realize where he was than Lieutenant Kearny began fretting himself into a fever again. He knew that in giving aid and comfort to him they would inevitably bring down punishment upon themselves, and he implored the Judge to send word to the nearest Confederate post, and let them come and take him. The Judge replied that it was impossible because of his promise. "My son's word is mine, sir," was his answer. Then he had to be away a day or two in search of supplies in the villages across the range, and in those days Lucy found it necessary to sit by her impatient patient for hours, reading to him, or kindly and firmly setting aside all his arguments as to the course he urged upon them. He could not understand what promise Captain Armistead had given; he could not understand why he should have promised anything at all. War is war, and both had taken up the sword with eyes wide open to its possible fortunes, good or ill. He urged that he might be permitted to see the letter, and was refused. The reason was not therein given, she said. He asked her if she knew the reason, and she rose and left his bedside and affected to rearrange the curtains at the window that she might hide from his searching eyes the blush that suffused her sweet but averted face.

As the days wore on and her manner was ever kind and grave, he chafed inwardly, and contended against the fact that it was nothing but kind and grave: a studied kindness, the professional, almost perfunctory kindness of the hospital nurse who day after day ministers to the wants of patients who must be coaxed and humored back to health. She seemed fairly inspired in the certainty with which she learned to anticipate his every need. She forgot nothing, neglected no item that could add to his comfort or promote his recovery, but with it all and through it all there was patent to him a strange, intangible, but positive *something* that told him she wished him to distinctly understand it was all for Henry's sake.

He was young, brave, gallant, fair to see, and as health slowly returned to him his good looks, despite his pallor, seemed to come with it. She was younger still, sweet, gentle, graceful, and fairer woman never yet had he set eyes on—so those longing eyes began to tell him. Wounds, weakness, suffering, suspense, danger, and anxiety one after another became forgotten in her presence—merged and overwhelmed in a sweeter suspense, an anxiety far more potent, a wound that never yet in any man has ceased its torment save at the touch of one desired hand, and never will. Under the sloping rafters of that old Virginia farm-house, in the peace and tranquillity of that white room, fragrant with the perfume of the flowers with which she daily decked it, and filled with balmy air and sunshine, she moved about his bedside, or sat read-

* Begun in No. 1667.—Copyright, 1888, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

ing in soft low tones, while Hannah's needles clicked through their worsted in the corner, and Hannah's watchful eyes saw what her young mistress would never have permitted her to hint, that with all his heart and strength and soul, Lucy Armistead was loved by this young knight, this enemy of all her kith and kin, and thus that he was doubly her prisoner.

There came the day, as such days must come, when, partially at least, she too saw it. Then followed the estrangement, the neglect of him, that called forth Hannah's almost tearful plea. Impulsively, as she was rearranging his pillow, he had seized her hand in both his, all trembling as they were, and was covering it with burning kisses, when she whisked it from his grasp, and in speechless indignation almost rushed from the room, utterly spurning his plea for mercy, for forgiveness, utterly refusing to listen.

And this was still the situation the day the Judge came back from Orleans; and then, despite her wrath, it was she who sent him to a place of refuge which poor bewildered old Nelse would never have thought of. His one idea had been to convey as quickly as possible to his master the startling tidings brought him but the moment before by a panting colored boy, who had come full tilt across the fields to warn his brother "contraband" of the coming storm. The veriest chuckle-heads among those plantation hands seemed to have been gifted in those days of their dawning freedom with a marvellous quickness of perception and a fidelity in keeping the secrets of the "Lincoln soldiers" that beings of higher grade in the social scale might have envied in vain. The negroes who brought Kearny to the homestead in the gloaming of that Autumn evening, the few servants about the farm, all must have known it was no Confederate soldier so mysteriously received and guarded; but it was not one of their number, the Judge could swear, by whom he was betrayed.

Who, then, was it?

Standing on his piazza, Judge Armistead had time to decide his course of action before the troop of horsemen came clattering into sight. Two officers at the head of the little column rode into the yard and straight to the steps. One was Falconer, looking pale and grave; the other a stranger. It was the latter who dismounted and came quickly and lightly up the steps, but his manner was cold and haughty when he spoke.

"Judge Armistead, I am Major Gordon, of Richmond, and I am charged, sir, with a most unwelcome duty. It has been reported there that you are harboring an officer of the Federal army under your roof or about your premises. My orders are from the Secretary of War himself, and they require me to make thorough search in every nook and corner. There is one condition on which I am authorized to suspend the search."

"And what may that be, major?" asked the Judge, with bland courtesy, but with kindling eyes.

"That you assure me on your word of honor, in presence of Captain Falconer, that you have no such person or persons here."

"I give it, sir, unhesitatingly."

"My dear sir, I congratulate myself with twice—thrice the joy with which I congratulate you," exclaimed the officer, with sudden change of manner, with cordial delight in his eyes, and eagerly extending his hand. "The story was scouted in Richmond, and nothing but positive orders—"

But he broke off suddenly. Something in the upraised, not extended, hand warned him. The Judge had more to say.

"I will not take your hand, sir, if in so doing I leave you under any misconception of the case. I have given you my word that no such person is here. Major, you have simply come too late."

There was a moment of silence which no man present cared to be the first to break. Then a quick, soft rustling at the door of the hallway, and Falconer, glancing sharply thither, saw Lucy Armistead turn suddenly away, her face hidden in her hands.

IX.

When Major Gordon returned with his small escort to the railway, he went a much mystified man. In the discussion of the instructions which he had been charged to carry out, much stress had been laid upon the integrity of the old Virginian, who had become the subject of injurious report. Despite the opposition he had manifested before the final adoption of the ordinance of secession, every one who knew him testified, or was ready to testify, to his devotion to the interests of the Confederate government when the war-clouds rose above the horizon. No one at the Richmond War-office could trace to its source the rumor of his defection, but it came in such a shape that it could not well be disregarded—a letter from the wife of an officer prominent in the command of General Longstreet. She wrote from Warrenton to her brother, whose duties kept him for the time at Richmond, while her husband was still with his division over in the Shenandoah. She had known and honored the old Judge all her life. It was "more in sorrow than in anger" that she told her brief story, and the officer sent to investigate the matter was charged to conduct no search and permit no intrusion if the old man gave his word as an Armistead that no such persons as represented were concealed anywhere on his property. This, as has been seen, was promptly given, for the Judge well knew that by the time the troops arrived old Nelse was half-way up the heights behind the farm and beyond his little bailiwick.

Major Gordon had felt it his duty to inquire who the concealed officer was, how long he had been harbored under their roof, by what means he had been spirited away, and how he came to find his way thither in the first place. Mindful of the trouble in which he would involve his son were he to tell the story, Judge Armistead replied that the only information he felt it possible for him to give was this: that some negroes whom he did not know brought a man wounded, bruised, and almost dying to his door. After bearing him to a room beneath his roof, the discovery was made that he was a Federal officer. "I would not have turned a dog from my door in such a plight," he said. "We nursed him until he was able to get up and ride away;" and that was absolutely all that he would say upon the subject.

Warned by Major Gordon that now he had subjected himself to the just suspicions, if not the punishment, of the government at Richmond, the Judge simply bowed in silent dignity; and then, when the major would have pressed him further, he slowly and impressively raised his hand and interrupted him.

"Pardon me, sir, for interposing. Your time is doubtless precious, and will be only wasted in further questioning. To such penalty as the authorities may decree, I can only submit. Meantime I am still master here, and must not neglect my duties as host. Permit me to offer you and Captain Falconer such refreshment as is in our power to give."

But Major Gordon conceived it his duty to decline the tendered hospitality, and to inform the old man that his imprudence had made it necessary to place him under surveillance until the wishes of the Secretary could be learned. Captain Falconer was directed to remain with most of his men to throw a guard about the place that night, and assuring the captain that he would request that another officer be sent in the morning to relieve him and his detachment of so unwelcome a duty, the staff-officer set forth upon his return.

That night and for two days that followed, the Armisteads were under guard. Falconer posted four sentries about the house, whose instructions were to permit no one to pass in or out until he himself had examined the person and ascertained his or her purpose: Judge Armistead was to be confined beneath his own roof.

When the morrow came there rode into sight soon after dawn the promised relief. It consisted of a lieutenant and twenty men of the cavalry command, stationed with his own squadron at Thoro'fare Gap, and the lieutenant handed Falconer a letter, which proved to be from Major Gordon. In it was full authority for the captain to turn over his duties to the officer who bore the missive, since he, the writer, could not ignore the extremely delicate and painful nature of the situation in which Captain Falconer was so unavoidably placed. It was distressing to think that so old a friend of the Armisteads should have had to act for even a single night as their jailer, but it was one of the singular fortunes of such a war. "A stranger thing than this occurred to an ancestor of mine in the old days of York and Lancaster in the War of the Roses," wrote the major, "and stranger things than this might happen any day."

Then he went on to say—and this the captain read with close attention—that he wished it were possible for Falconer to remain at Hopewell at least for forty-eight hours, until the report of the case could be acted on at Richmond. The lieutenant was somewhat young and inexperienced, whereas Falconer knew the country and might be able to learn something definite of the mysterious Yankee whom Armistead had so unaccountably harbored. But it was, perhaps, too much to ask.

Falconer gave ten minutes' thought to this letter, and wrote a reply which reflected credit upon his reputation as an officer and a gentleman. Debarred, he said, by the fortunes of war from accompanying his comrades of Stuart's glorious corps in their enviable march to Maryland, he had striven to faithfully and energetically perform the duties assigned to him at the Gap. Nothing had given him such pain and surprise as the admission made by Judge Armistead, and no duty could well be more distressing to him than that of commanding the guard which his life-long friends could not but consider in the light of jailers. But it was not for him to seek relief from any service the State might require at his hands. Acting under the request, so delicately and courteously conveyed in his superior's letter, Captain Falconer's sense of a soldier's duty prompted him to say that however repugnant to his feelings, he would remain at his post, at least until further instructions, and he had the honor to subscribe himself, very respectfully, etc.

It would be two days before this letter could catch Major Gordon, two more before reply could reach him, and meantime, thought Falconer, much might be accomplished here at Hopewell.

Except that fleeting glimpse of her as she darted back into the dimly lighted hall on hearing her father's astounding words the night before, not once had he been able to see Miss Armistead. He had begged for an interview with her, and it was denied him on the plea that she was too much distressed to see and talk with any one, and had retired to her room for the night. The Judge gravely and courteously assured him that not for a moment did they misunderstand his position or his sentiments. His embarrassment and his voluble expressions of regret and sympathy the old man replied to by earnestly requesting him to think no more of the matter. A soldier's duty was a thing too sacred to be made the topic of a discussion. "We will confine ourselves to the house, and give the sentries no trouble whatever," said the Judge, "and you must consider yourself entirely at home." Hannah was ordered to prepare a room, and the cook to rebuild her kitchen fire and serve supper for the captain; but Falconer protested. He *could* not trespass on their hospitality so long as this hateful duty was imposed upon him. He would sleep on the piazza, or, at very best, the sofa in the hall, and spend the hours, so he wrote in a little note he gave to Hannah for her mistress, praying Heaven to bring rest and comfort and blessing to her, and prompt relief from an intolerable burden to him."

But as he had not been able to see her, Falconer, of his own volition, decided to retain the "intolerable burden" until she granted him the desired interview.

All that day she kept her room, however, and Judge Armistead, when not with his daughter, shut himself in the scantily furnished "study" which was reserved for his particular and personal use. Lucy alone ever ventured in there except at his express command or invitation.

Meantime Captain Falconer had not been idle. He had pretty thoroughly examined all the sheds, barns, and hiding-places about the premises, persistently questioned the cook and Hannah, and it was not long before he discovered that old Nelse was missing. He also knew that the horse he had lent the Judge had not been returned to camp up to the time the lieutenant and his platoon left there that morning. Hannah, from an upper window, watched him as he prowled about the barn and sheds in search of the missing quadruped, and readily divined his thoughts. She flew down to the kitchen, where "Aunt Bell" was at work, and breathlessly warned her to keep out of the captain's way; he would be sure to ask her where Nelse had gone and what had been done with the horse. Meantime the girl's wits were actively at work to devise a story that would account for the absence of both, and one that no one in the house would gainsay. She took good care, too, that Miss Lucy should be fully and minutely informed of the captain's movements, and favored, furthermore, with her own interpretation of everything he did or said. This was perhaps unfortunate for the captain, as in every case her comments were heavily charged with cynicism.

It must have been nearly sundown, and all day long the inmates of the homestead had been speculating with varied emotions as to the fate of the fugitives of the previous night. Nearly two miles up the ridge was an eminence from which the country could be seen for leagues in every direction, and down among the rocks below, sheltered by thick foliage, was a little hut which had long been deserted. A bridle-path, rough, winding, and tangled with brier and underbrush, led thither up the mountain-side, and this was the refuge to which Nelse had conducted his precious charge. Never dreaming her father would boldly and frankly proclaim that he had "given aid and comfort to the enemy," Miss Armistead had hoped that some time this day she could send food and blankets to the invalid there hidden, and have tidings of his welfare. The sudden catastrophe of their being declared under guard, and so shut off from all possibility of communication with "her prisoner," as the Judge once called him, wellnigh overwhelmed her with apprehension. She sprang from the couch on which she had been lying, and hurried to her window with beating heart, therefore, when, just as the sun went down in the west, she heard the stern, sharp challenge of a sentry, and a call for the corporal of the guard. She heard the rattle of Falconer's sword as he ran down the steps, and in an instant Hannah was peering over her shoulder.

There, bowing, smiling, scraping the ground with his foot, and making every imaginable manifestation of respect to the military authorities, stood old Nelse, cornered in an attempt to run the blockade through the dense shrubbery of the garden.

"Where've you been, sir?" sternly demanded Captain Falconer. "Where were you last night?"

The two faces at the upper window—one so fair and delicate, the other brown and eager—were almost ashen in the dread suspense of the moment; but almost instantly a gleam of joy shot over one, a flash of delight, not unmingled with incredulity, gleamed in the other, and both women, Caucasian and Ethiop, were shameless enough to applaud and approve a barefaced lie.

"My lawd!" gasped Hannah, "dat fool niggah got mo' sense 'n *I* ever thought!" for Nelse's black face was luminous with truth and injured innocence as he answered:

"Ober to my boy's, suh—ober on de odder side. I done tuk him a sack o' meal, suh, 'n' den dis mawnin' I fotched de hawse back to camp 'n' gave him to de gyard, suh, 'n' den I done walked all de way home, 'n' I's pow'ful tired, suh."

Old Nelse had raised his voice so that every word was distinctly audible. *There* was a story for Hannah and the cook to swear to! Falconer cross-questioned in low tone. Nelse responded with loud and hearty reiteration of his statement, and then humbly inquired if he couldn't go into the kitchen—he hadn't had a "moufful" all day—and the captain let him go.

In a moment Lucy Armistead and her handmaiden had seized the old negro, and were dragging information from him piecemeal. The fugitives had reached the refuge in safety. Kearny had suffered a good deal, both during the rough ride and the night that followed, but declared he was doing well. Nelse had left with him every scrap of the food Hannah had hastily thrust in the saddle-bags, for when morning came the lieutenant told him to take the horse to Falconer's camp, in order that the use he had been put to might not be suspected, coached him on the story he was to tell, and sent his heart's load of thanks and blessings to "Miss Lucy an' all of 'em," as the dark harbinger of good tidings put it.

When Judge Armistead noiselessly opened his daughter's door a few minutes later, no answer having been given to his knock, he found her on the sofa, sobbing as though her heart would break.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW-YEAR'S DAY ECLIPSE.

By DAVID P. TODD.

A TOTAL eclipse of the sun has always been and must continue to be an imposing celestial phenomenon. It matters little whether we consider it from the point of view of the savage, who is awe-struck because he does not know what terrific happenings such a spectacle may forebode, or from the stand-point of the astronomer, who by dint of much travelling by sea and by land may many times have observed the sun totally obscured, and knows there is nothing to fear.

These rare occurrences are not visible often enough at any given spot on the earth to become at all monotonous. The centenarian "stay-at-home" may count himself fortunate if he sees even a single eclipse that is total, or nearly so. But this will depend very much upon the precise point where his home is.

Should it be the island of Trinidad, he will have seen two total eclipses in a little over three years (1886 and 1889); if the Yellowstone National Park, two within twelve years (1878 and 1889); but had he been born in New York city in the latter part of the eighteenth century, he might live through the whole of the nineteenth, and a long way into the twentieth, and yet, so far as eclipse-seeing is concerned, have lived in vain; while in London, in 1715, no total eclipse had been visible for nearly six centuries.

When, however, we take into consideration very long periods of time and very large areas of the earth's surface, like Australia or the North American continent, we find little difference in the number of total eclipses: one section of the globe is visited by the lunar shadow about as often as another, although the character of the phenomena—that is, the duration of totality—will be quite various.

The number of total eclipses will average nearly seventy to each century. Could the observer be ubiquitous, he might thus see the sun's corona twice every three years; but taking general averages, and recalling that the width of the belt of total eclipse is not far from one hundred miles, we find that every spot on the globe is likely to come within the range of the moon's shadow once in about three and one-half centuries.

But the circumstance of any total eclipse which most attracts the interest of astronomers is the length of time that this important phase lasts. By some heavenly mishap, this can never be so long as eight minutes. As an average, three minutes will fully cover the duration of the totality; and for astronomers and physicists who are perplexed in their attempts to unravel the labyrinth of mysteries surrounding the sun which the kindly intervention of the dark moon discloses, these brief moments are all too short.

A few figures will reveal something of the celestial odds with which the astronomer must contend. To save the accusation of taking unfair advantage of earth and moon, we may allow for the length of each eclipse track five thousand miles. Then, if we suppose this path quite thickly strewn with astronomers and telescopes, say one every hundred miles, no one would think of charging scientists with wasting their opportunities. But how much solid watching of the corona will this ideal condition of things afford? A little more than one week's time in a whole century; while, as a matter of fact, if we make due allowance for ocean tracks and the comparatively small number of observers able to locate along the eclipse line and engage in effective research, a week of slender opportunities must be scaled down to something like a single day in the course of a hundred years.

Thus the importance of utilizing every such phenomenon to the utmost. Unfortunately the best eclipses always occur near the earth's equator, for while the lunar shadow sweeps easterly across the earth at a velocity somewhat exceeding two thousand miles per minute, an observer on the equator is, by the earth's rotation, also carried eastward, but at a velocity about one-half as great. The nearer he is to either terrestrial pole the slower he goes, and thus the sooner will the moon's shadow overtake and pass him by, and the shorter will be his time of viewing the sun entirely obscured by the moon.

Plotting accurately the path of total obscuration in the coming eclipse, it appears that its central line, advancing easterly on the Pacific Ocean, first meets land about one hundred miles north of San Francisco, and veers northerly, at first very slightly, but more decidedly farther on. Its course then is through northern central California, northwestern Nevada, southeastern Idaho, almost centrally over the Yellowstone National Park, thence northeasterly through Montana and well into Manitoba. Here it leaves the earth entirely, and again sweeps off into space.

While in California the width of the path is about the average—that is, ninety-six miles—and it gradually narrows toward the northeast, being approximately ninety in Nevada, eighty-two in Idaho, and sixty-six miles broad in Montana.

The length of total eclipse, never exceeding two minutes at the most favorable Californian stations, gradually diminishes also in the same direction.

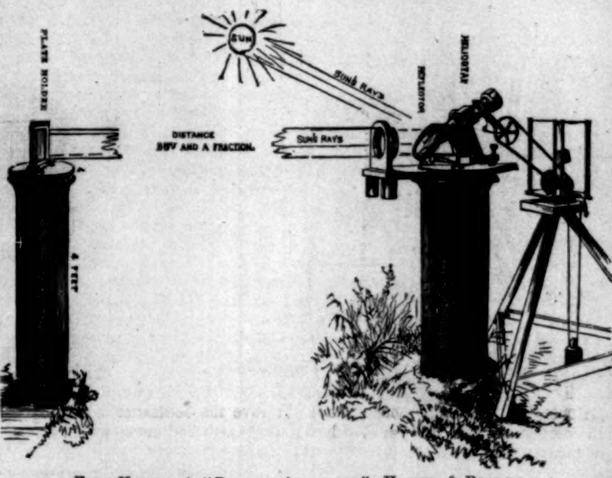
The astronomers therefore are establishing their stations as near the range along the Pacific coast as seems meteorologically safe. Most unwillingly, they are entirely at the mercy of cloud fiends; a merely local "spell of weather" may ruin all their hopes; while, on the other hand, their good fortune may perhaps equal that of the writer at the Lick Observatory during the transit of Venus of 1882, when in early December, with the "rainy season" not yet far advanced, there was a full week of the most superb skies both day and night.

But all these elaborate preparations of a score of able astronomers—what are they for, and what ends do they hope to gain? These questions

are already engaging the popular attention, and rightly.

The disciples of the "new astronomy" are legion, and a valiant one too. Not content with precise knowledge of celestial distances and motions, they will not rest short of absolute knowledge as to what the heavenly bodies are made of, and sun and stars are interrogated alike. Possibly the practical relations of their problems to terrestrial affairs may be well made out in time. But progress is slow, partly because the history of science shows that results once reached have often to be tediously re-established before they become a recognized member of the body of scientific fact. Already a half-dozen and more completely equipped parties have established themselves along the line, and are daily engaged in perfecting their arrangements and the adjustment of costly apparatus prior to the great event of New-Year's Day.

First there are the contacts to be observed optically with the telescope. When one disk (as the moon) passes over another of unequal diameter (as the sun) there are four points and times of touching. These are the contacts: I., II., III., IV. Observations of them are of acknowledged astronomical significance. From many stations in California and Nevada such observations will be made in large numbers. The accurate geographical position of the observer must be known, or subsequently determined; if not, the observations are useless. Also the precise error of his time-piece must be established beyond a doubt; and to assist in this work, and do away with the necessity of a multitude of time-determining instruments, the Time Service Department of the Lick Observatory has arranged with the telegraph companies for the frequent and accurate distribution of time-signals all over the area covered by the eclipse.



From Newcomb's "Popular Astronomy": Harper & Brothers.

Photography will here contribute its share of results in precise astronomy. Only the pictures of the different phases of the eclipse, if most serviceable, must be taken with a telescope of great length and nicety of adjustment, known as the "horizontal photo-heliograph."*

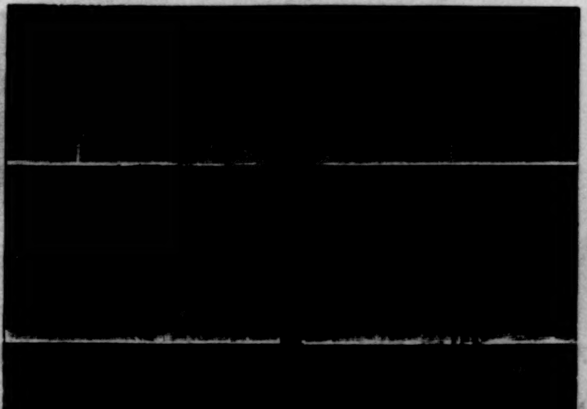
But results of importance are not alone to be derived from the delicate instruments and the practised hand of the astronomer. Any person happening to be located along either limit of the shadow path can turn his time to good service by simply noting with his watch the number of seconds during which totality lasts, while it does not matter whether the watch shows correct time or not. Valuable results have thus been obtained from the work of inexperienced persons in previous eclipses, notably those of 1878 in Wyoming and Texas, and in 1877 under my supervision in Japan. The National Academy of Sciences has already distributed similar instructions for the coming eclipse.

Perhaps the least promising field of eclipse inquiry at the present time is the search for little planets within the orbit of Mercury. The astronomical Vulcan appears fully as mythical as the Vulcan of fable. He is now full thirty years old, while only one astronomer, or at the most two, can be said to have seen him. Many have been the opportunities when he should have been visible, and many have been the astronomers who have given up valuable moments in his search, but mostly, it would seem, to no practical purpose. The astronomical world generally has settled down to a belief, which seems to go a long way toward taking the place of positive knowledge, that no such body exists.

How long will it be necessary to protract this ineffective search? Just so long, presumably, as it continues ineffective. Nothing short of centuries of patient search surely will afford demonstrative proof that Vulcan is not. But then it may yet be found. Some few astronomers will persist in this work on occasion of the coming eclipse, among them Professor Swift, of Rochester, but the odds are largely against them, both on account of the unusually short duration of totality, and because the greater brightness of the lower corona not obscured by the moon will strongly illumine the sky ground against which the supposable planet must faintly be seen.

If now we advance to a consideration of the contemplated work of the solar physicists, a vast amplification is apparent. The sun's constitution is amenable to research only through its outer coatings or atmospheres and their surroundings. What the interior may be must forever remain unknown in so far as direct vision is concerned; our only hope is through scientific inference of the interior from what appears on the surface-shell or exterior. The most conspicuous of all these is the photosphere, or that solar covering by which we see the sun. Our theories of its constitution advance more rapidly because it is always open to physical scrutiny. But there seems to exist on its outer surface a most interesting atmosphere, extremely thin, and known as the "reversing layer." The keen eye of Professor Young first brought this to light on the occasion of a total eclipse which he went to Spain to observe in 1870. With the slit of a highly dispersive spectroscope maintained tangentially at that part of the sun's edge where the last ray of sunlight was disappearing, he continued to observe the usual spectra unaltered. "As the moon advances," he says, "making narrower and narrower the remaining sickle of the solar disk, the dark lines of the spectrum for the most part remain sensibly unchanged, though becoming somewhat more intense. A few, however, begin to fade out, and some even turn palely bright a minute or two before the totality begins. But the moment the sun is hidden, through the whole length of the spectrum in the red, the green, the violet, the bright lines flash out by hundreds and thousands, almost startlingly, as suddenly as stars from a bursting rocket-head, and as evanescent, for the whole thing is over within two or three seconds. The layer seems to be only something under a thousand miles in thickness, and the moon's motion covers it very quickly."

But this beautiful and significant phenomenon, repeatedly seen during the eclipses of the last two decades, is even yet questioned, and the existence of the "reversing layer" even disputed. It is thus an important subject of observation for the coming eclipse, when the short duration of totality forms no drawback, as the observation can require at the most but three or four seconds. The solar prominences, or hydrogen protuberances, also demand the close scrutiny of the eclipse observer. Since the memorable observations of Janssen in India, immediately following the great eclipse of 1868, when he succeeded in seeing these objects for the first time without the interposition of the moon, it has been commonly supposed that a solar eclipse afforded little or no assistance in observing and depicting their intricate forms. Not a little of surprise and disappointment was there thus in the announcement of Professor Tacchini, the Italian spectroscopist, who, at the Grenada eclipse of 1886, found that the prominences as observed during the eclipse, and afterward by the usual full-sunshine method, are entirely different objects. In fact the latter appeared to form only a part of a very intricate phenomenon, while the former, as seen only during eclipses, appeared to be wholly or in part down-rushes of relatively cool material. The protuberances seen during totality had the character of the filamentous or so-called "white prominences" observed by Tacchini at the Caroline Island eclipse of 1883, and they grew whiter and dimmer with every increase of distance from the photosphere. Thus it would seem that astronomers must return to spectroscopic observation of these objects during eclipses in much the same way as they did nearly a quarter-century ago.



From Newcomb's "Popular Astronomy": Harper & Brothers.

But the toughest problem of all relates to the sun's outer envelope, known as the corona. Four-fifths of all the eclipse observers for the past two decades have devoted their energies to this quite exclusively; yet as one mystery of its constitution is solved, others pile up in place of it. A good general notion of its appearance is given in the accompanying figure. The precision of photography will be extensively invoked to secure trustworthy representations of this luminous solar appendage during the coming eclipse.

From Newcomb's "Popular Astronomy": Harper & Brothers.

While physical astronomy now appears permanently to have advanced beyond that stage where the corona was thought to be due to terrestrial atmospheric effects, or perhaps even lunar belongings, our actual knowledge beyond this is small. But much has been done with spectroscope and pencil, camera and photometer.

Spectroscopes of all sorts are brought to bear upon the corona, varying with the nature of the special problem whose solution is sought. The most important result of all was attained in 1869, when the coronal spectra were found to be crossed with a bright green line not as yet identified with any terrestrial substance; so the word "coronium" has been invoked to account for this luminous gas seen in the lower regions of the corona. It is yet a matter of much doubt how far out from the sun's edge coronium in gaseous incandescence may be traced. Recent eclipses have helped much in this matter; in 1878 it was found to extend to a mean distance of 350,000 miles from the sun's edge.

Here is an important class of observations, which must be followed up for years to come. Of course spectrum photography affords much help. But the results thus far seem to point legitimately to the conclusion that while the innermost corona may be a sort of extension of the solar atmospheres, the outer corona has no physical connection with it, and is, in fact, merely a solar appendage, due to the presence of interstellar dust, or meteoric matter in a finely comminuted state.

Naked-eye drawings are valuable. Photometer and polarimeter are here applied to great advantage, and photography is a telling adjunct of both. Accurate determinations of the total coronal light and its exact distribution are most desired, and the methods of Professor Pickering, of Harvard College Observatory, will likely contribute trustworthy results. An ingenious combination of double cameras and perforated plates enables a single and untrained observer to do work which on subsequent discussion will throw much light on these coronal questions.

Still another coronal research must be vigorously prosecuted. Undoubtedly the general drawings and the comprehensive photographs are very important, but the complex character of the filaments at the solar poles is more so. Any one who has examined these, with even moderate optical means, knows the variety of interlacing shown in the streamers there. As yet the photographs have not brought out this detail as the eye sees it, if we except perhaps the Krasnoiarsk negatives of 1887. Hence the necessity of devoting good telescopes and expert pencils to these details. If one observer can picture the filaments at a single pole he is fortunate; the rest of the corona may well be left to others.

It is difficult to give an accurate idea of the nature of these complicated wisps of light, and in the interpretation of them one needs to keep constantly in mind (what is so often forgotten) that we are dealing with coronal rays projecting outward into space from a spherical sun, and not lying in a plane, as they must appear to the eye and in the picture. Here we find perhaps the most fruitful source of material for generalizations as to the structure of the corona, and ultimately even of the sun itself.

When we pass beyond the confines of the ordinary type of solar corona there is a most fascinating field for eclipse research, but one requiring much deftness and delicacy in the working. We refer to the ecliptic streamers of the extreme outer corona, which in 1878 were independently seen by Newcomb and Langley extending outward from the sun's equator more than ten millions of miles. Previously to this eclipse this field of investigation was entirely unworked, and in fact had hardly been suspected to exist. Professor Langley felt that he was witnessing a "real phenomenon heretofore undescribed." It did not vanish, but remained "persistently visible." And this prodigious extension of fully twelve solar diameters was "but a portion of its extent."

In spite of persistent looking, no eclipse observer has seen it since. In Grenada in 1886 and in Japan in 1887 no trace of it was visible, but the conditions were most unfavorable. Skies filled with clouds and aqueous vapors have largely defeated the astronomer at every eclipse for the last decade, while the upper atmosphere, crowded as it seems to have been with the volcanic dust from Krakatao, would perhaps have shrouded so filmy an object even had the lower atmosphere been ordinarily clear.

From various considerations these outer streamers seem likely to belong to a type of corona which attends a minimum of solar spots, and the present eclipse may thus give light of the utmost significance. The transparent skies of California and Nevada will, if clouds are fortunately absent, afford the best opportunity yet known, while the only other objectionable feature is the narrowness of the ring of the inner corona covered by the moon. Thus this relatively brilliant light may extinguish the faint outer streamers unless the utmost precaution is observed. This line of research is also included in the instruction already distributed by the National Academy, and important results are hopefully expected.

Finally there is a phenomenon which has only lately attracted the attention of eclipse observers to a marked degree—the shadow bands or fringes which appear to be always visible a few seconds before and immediately after the total phase. We need to recall how slender the solar crescent is at this time, and then it is perhaps possible to see how the action of the atmosphere on the pencils of solar light may produce the observed phenomena of the shadow bands. Across the landscape, and especially upon light-colored surfaces, they may be seen—darkish bands six or eight inches wide, and separated by three or four times their width, and travelling with the velocity of an express train. At present, while a good deal of a puzzle, they seem like a solely atmospheric effect, and they lie in large part parallel to the nearest edge of the shadow cone; their general direction of motion lies with the wind, so far as is yet known. The meteorologists are arranging an effective campaign in this region of research during the January eclipse. Professor Upton and Mr. Rotch have taken up the matter in the right way, and their Russian results a year ago appear to show that by setting up large white screens for the bands to traverse, and by using plates of the highest degree of sensitiveness, it may be possible to get an instantaneous picture of the fringes showing all the detail that several eye observers would be able to record.

* The coming eclipse may be considered as the twentieth anniversary of the birth of this important astronomical instrument. Returning from the eclipse of 1869, in Kentucky, Professor Winlock first thought out its details in substantially their present form—a telescope forty feet long, horizontally stationary in a north and south line, and fed from a reflector or heliostat mirror mounted in front of it and moved by clock-work. This instrument has afforded the most positive proof of its capabilities on occasion of the recent transits of Venus and Mercury, showing itself almost the sole astronomical instrument yielding photographic data of precision. Such photographs present the great advantage of subsequent observation or measurement at leisure, and, like the observations of contacts, they furnish the astronomer with the most refined data for correcting the slight errors known to exist in the tables by which he calculates the exact place in the sky where the moon will be at any future time.

THE NEW HOME OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF A

ART, NEW YORK.—Drawn by C. D. Weldon.—[See Page 1006.]

THE REOPENING OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

The reopening of the Metropolitan Museum of the Fine Arts in what are practically new quarters is the most important event in the history of the institution since it removed from the heart of the city to the Central Park. The trustees and the members are to be congratulated on the successful issue of this latest enterprise, and the public will certainly feel rewarded for the trouble of reaching the Museum by an examination of the rich and varied contents that now fill its ample halls and galleries. The exterior of the new building added to the southern side of the original structure does not call for much notice. Few persons competent to judge in matters of architecture will be found to praise it, while all who are familiar with the complete design of the late Wrey Mould must regret that it has been thrown aside to be replaced by the present squat and heavy structure. Entering the building by the southern doorway, we find ourselves in a large hall, the roof supported by a row of columns, and the floor paved, like all the floors throughout the new building, in a mosaic of small bits of marble sunk in cement and without any pattern. In this hall are arranged a number of casts of antique sculpture, the nucleus of a complete collection which will one day no doubt be provided. At present the pieces are too few and too scattered in time and place of origin to be of practical use to students, but they serve the purpose just now of a stately and dignified decoration for the entrance hall. Turning to the right or left, we find at either end of the Hall of Casts a hall running north and south. One of these, that on the western side of the building, contains a portion of the Cypriote collection, pottery and glass, with the Charvet Greek and Roman glass, and the Jarves Italian glass, both these latter collections presented by Mr. Marquand, to whom the Museum is more indebted than to any single person for generous additions to its contents. Down the middle of this hall is ranged a line of swinging cases containing specimens of lace. At the end of this hall a room, separated from it by two piers, is filled with a rather motley collection of carved wooden furniture and musical instruments. Among these, in glass cases, are several pretty examples of harpsichords and spinets. But the room is badly lighted, and it is difficult to see the smaller objects well. This is particularly the case with those placed on shelves immediately under the window and protected by glass.

The room entered from the eastern end of the Hall of Casts is divided between the Cypriote heads and smaller sculptured objects, with the terra-cotta lamps, clay tablets from Assyria and Babylonia, and sculptured slabs from Nineveh, and the collection of Egyptian antiquities, bronzes, terra-cottas, steles, and a number of fine mummy cases. These two end halls are well lighted, and the objects skilfully arranged, although at present rather mixed, a defect that will naturally be remedied with time, as the different departments come to be better filled.

The great hall which formerly held the Cypriote collection is at present nearly empty, awaiting the collection of architectural casts, for the purchase of which the late Mr. Willard bequeathed a considerable sum of money. It is hoped that the collection may be ready for exhibition during the present winter. A part of it is now stored in the Museum. The faces of the old galleries are already covered with casts from the Panathenaic frieze, with portions of the frieze of the mausoleum at Halicarnassus, the balustrade of the temple of Nike Apteros at Athens, and fragments from other Greek buildings. The vestibules at either end of this hall are filled as of old with examples of American sculpture and sculpture from Cyprus.

To the public generally the most attractive portion of the Museum collection will undoubtedly be that contained in the upper galleries. The two rooms at the eastern and western ends of the old building are occupied as formerly by pictures, and their arrangement has been but little disturbed. We still find in the eastern gallery the pictures by the old masters, while the three other galleries are filled with modern pictures, some of them the property of the Museum, and others loaned for the season.

The rooms occupying the second story of the new building are filled with interesting things. To lovers of painting the extreme eastern gallery will be the most interesting of all in the building, containing, as it does, the two magnificent Rembrandt portraits lent to the Museum by Mr. Henry O. Havemeyer, and the equally precious portrait of the Duke of Richmond and Lenox, lent by Mr. Henry G Marquand. Here are thirty-seven pictures, chiefly by Dutch painters, all but the two Rembrandts belonging to Mr. Marquand. Besides the Dutch pictures the room contains two pictures by Constable, the finest examples ever brought to this country, a very pretty "Girl and Cat" by Gainsborough, and Turner's "Saltash," and a John Crome, called "Old Crome," to distinguish him from his son, with a portrait of a lady by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Gainsborough and the Crome have been presented to the Museum by Mr. Marquand. Adjoining this gallery are the rooms containing the electrotype reproductions of old gold and silver plate, and the collection of American antiquities, chiefly Mexican, made by Dr. Lamborn, and arranged by him with much care, to show the character and development of such art as this people had. Answering to these galleries on the opposite side of the building, the western, are the rooms containing the very valuable and interesting collection of memorials of Washington, Franklin, and Lafayette—undoubtedly the most complete in existence, made by the late Mr. Huntington; the two galleries containing the Catherine Lorillard Wolfe collection, and the so-called gold-room, which is the most interesting department of the Museum as far as antique art is concerned. Here are the gold ornaments and the gems from Cyprus, the King collection of gems presented to the Museum by John Taylor Johnston, and eight large floor cases filled with the Maxwell Summerville gems, a most valuable and beautiful collection of engraved gems, pastes, cameos, and rings, loaned to the Museum for a number of years, as we understand, by the owner. The walls of this interesting room are completely hung with rugs and tapestries loaned by Mr. Marquand. Some of the rugs are of exceptional fineness and beauty, and all of them are of sufficient importance to deserve a place in the Museum.

It would be impossible in so small a space as we have at command to enter into a detailed examination of the rich and varied contents of the new Museum. With time a better description will be brought about, much that now merely serves the purpose of stuffing will be removed, and facilities for the more orderly study and the more intelligent enjoyment of the collections will be provided. One serious fault to be found with the administration is in the neglect to supply a proper catalogue; those at present furnished are not only inadequate but they are very poor specimens of book-making. The Museum is now open to the public, and it is hoped that a new era of prosperity has set in, and that the generous example offered by men like Mr. Marquand, Mr. Havemeyer, and Mr. Maxwell Summerville will be followed by other rich citizens, and that giving may become a fashion.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.

Cardinal Lavigerie, the venerable Archbishop of Algiers, in preaching his crusade against the Arabic slave-hunter and slave-trader of Africa, has succeeded in arousing a public interest throughout western Europe that is as significant as it is encouraging. He has spoken amid great applause in Paris, London, Lisbon, and other great cities. The Pope has become interested in his projects, and has sent him a handsome sum of money. The Protestant Evangelical Alliance in Berlin and the Catholic Congress at Freiburg have both adopted resolutions aiming to create public sentiment in favor of aggressive measures. In the last week of October a great meeting was held in Cologne in the interests of this work, at which the principal speaker was Lieutenant Wissmann, of the German Army, who had only a few months ago returned from eastern Africa. The German and the English governments have entered into a special agreement to enforce rigidly the sixth article of the Congo Conference, which makes it obligatory upon all participants to cooperate in the suppression of the slave horror, by blockading against the slave-ships those portions of the east and southeastern coast of Africa which have not been sufficiently protected in this regard, chiefly on account of the weakness or weak will of the Portuguese, who there lay claim to a vast stretch of debatable land. The King of Belgium, the leader of the Congo enterprise, naturally is heart and hand in the movement. None, however, are more strongly aroused in the matter than the Germans, who, in their new colonial policy, rightly consider it a high aim to introduce European civilization into their new possessions, and in the interest of this aim to suppress, as much as possible, the trade in human beings. The result of all this has been that, even if Lavigerie will not be able, like a modern Peter the Hermit, to conduct a crusade to Africa and realize his wish of direct military attack on the traders, the interest aroused has certainly exceeded all expectations. Prominent individuals, societies, and organizations of various kinds, and even the governments, are fully enlisted in the cause.

And the suppression of the nefarious business will need the earnest and continued co-operation of all these forces. Institutions that are the growth of tens and tens of centuries cannot be easily eradicated. Slave-hunting and the slave-trade have almost from prehistoric times been the curse of the Black Continent. In old Egyptian hieroglyphics, and on wall-paintings in the temples, the story of ancient African slavery is told. There never was a time when slavery was not carried on to an almost unlimited degree throughout the continent. It is decidedly a historical African institution. To make the problem all the more difficult to solve, the various Mohammedan governments of Africa, from the smallest to the greatest, sanction and aid the inhuman business. The Koran encourages slavery, and approves of inhuman treatment of those not of the faith. The raids often partake of a religious character. Schweinfurth narrates that he repeatedly saw at the head of the procession of unfortunates, the fakirs, or Islam priests, marching with the Koran in their hands.

Nor had the attitude of the European nations in former centuries been such on that continent as to make the task now an easy one. It is less than a century since even civilized western Europe began to abolish slavery, and in the centuries before that these same peoples were the leaders in African slave-traffic. None have a worse record in this regard than has England. Of Liverpool it has been said that "its streets were paved with the skulls of slaves"; and in the flourishing period of the trade no less than one hundred slave-ships landed each year in that metropolis. On the eastern African coast there were formerly seventy harbors from which European vessels drew their cargoes of human freight. In the latter years of the Middle Ages, Italy, France, and England had their regular slave markets; Portugal and Spain sent thousands of stolen Mohammedans to their American possessions. As late as 1770 the Christian Knights of Malta had their galleys manned with Mohammedan slaves. It was not till 1807 that Wilberforce succeeded in persuading England to abolish slavery in her possessions. But for three hundred years and more Christian nations and Christian peoples had grown fat on the profits of the slave-trade. Even religious sanction was not wanting. Pope Nicolaus V. in a special bull permitted the Christians to keep non-Christians as slaves.

At present the trade is entirely in the hands of the Arabs, although it is claimed, with a good show of reason, that the Portuguese government is for mercenary reasons derelict in its duty of fighting the great wrong. The well-known method of procedure is to organize, either under the leadership of such chiefs as Tippoo Tip, or as a private robber band, and then make raids into the negro districts of inner Africa. Both the trade and the raids have for many years been effectually stopped along the whole western coast. Within the last few years, since Germany, England, and others have divided up among themselves the unclaimed districts on the east coast, the exportation has almost been stopped there too; only recently, however, an English gun-boat captured a trading vessel with eighty-six slaves on board. These vessels have frequently adopted the ruse of sailing under the French flag, as France has only within the immediate past decided to take aggressive measures in this matter. The slaves are exported to Turkey, Persia, and the Mohammedan East.

Egress with slaves is now practically possible only through the lands controlled by the Mohammedans, that is, Egypt and some North African states. And it is to these that the slave caravans are led, although some still go eastward to the Zanzibar coast and the adjacent islands. Since the failure of the English Soudan expedition, Khartoum has again become the chief distributing-point for the tens of thousands of slaves annually brought there; while south of Ethiopia, through the wild Galla country, vast hordes reach the coast at Obok, on the Gulf of Aden. The states nominally under influence of Western nations, such as Egypt, do not, of course, officially sanction the trade, nor do they suppress it. At most, it is not carried on where European visitors may see it. Cairo is not a slave market. The principal routes of the slave-robber lie through the Great Desert of Sahara, through which the caravans go to Fez, Wadan, Ghadamis, Mursuk, and Aujila, and also to Siout on the Nile.

Travellers, old and new, agree that the horrors of the slave-trade do not lie in the condition of the slaves when once sold, but in their sufferings when being stolen and transferred to the markets. Livingstone, Stanley, Schweinfurth, Nachtigal, Wolf, Cameron, Wissmann, Crawford, and others are a unit on this point. The Mohammedan master as a rule is easy on his slave. Wolf, in describing the slaves on the Congo, says the average status of those in servitude throughout Africa is this: "The slaves are compelled to do a part of the labor in the field, but they are never overworked. They enjoy a good and gentle treatment, and even may eat with their masters. The muluba (leader) has only the ambition of possessing many wives and many slaves, because his social station is conditioned by these. He does not think of overloading his slaves with work, and were he to ill-treat them he would suffer in the eyes of his neighbors. But still the Damokles sword constantly impends over both women and slaves of being sold into another land."

But of the sufferings on the long marches to the markets the African travellers report only tales of terror and horror. They all agree in this, however, that for every man or woman brought to the journey's end alive, no less than four perish on the way. In other words, eighty per cent. of those that are captured die a wretched death before reaching the markets. Of course it is impossible to even approximate the number of slaves taken each year. One writer goes as far as to say that "at least 400,000 negroes are annually carried into bondage, and that thus the lives and liberty of upwards of 2,000,000 are each year sacrificed on the altars of lust and mammon." The lowest figures given are those of the careful German statistician, the Mission Inspector, Dr. Fabri, who calculates that at least 100,000 lives are lost each year in these murderous expeditions.

It would be a very superficial way of looking at this problem to think that it involves only the one feature of an abolition of a crime of centuries. It involves the question of the future civilization of Africa. If the slave-trade falls, then Arabic aggression and dominion too falls in Africa. It is a question of life and death for the future of the Black Continent. Or, in the words of the famous geographer Andree: "The abolition of slavery and of slave-robbing in Africa signifies a contest with Islam and a regeneration of the Orient. When Islam has once been crowded out by the Christian nations of the West, then the African slave problem will solve itself, and Africa will, in its own way, take an active part in the world's work. But there are immense perspectives, the work for future generations. We are standing only at the beginning; we can only lay a few foundation-stones; the completion of the edifice this generation will not see."

Charles - Martial - Allemand Lavigerie is now in his sixty-third year, having been born at Esprit in 1825. Early in life he showed a singular aptitude for theology and the classics, and was, above all, distinguished for piety and honesty of purpose. Before he was thirty he filled various ecclesiastical functions at Rome, and occupied the position of French Auditor. He was one of the prelates attached to the service of the Pope. In 1863 he was made Bishop of Nancy. During the late Napoleonic régime he was a member of the Imperial Council and a leading member of the Board of Public Instruction. In 1867 he left Paris and took the highest ecclesiastical position in Algiers. In this French colony he became familiar with Islamism, its habits and customs, and though slavery had long been abolished in this French possession, the prelate must have been struck with the moral disturbances such an institution had left there. In Algiers M. Lavigerie played a distinguished part in ecclesiastical and municipal matters. His endeavors toward the conversion of the Algerians brought him into conflict with Marshal Macmahon, and in 1868 the subject was one which played an important part in the politics of the time. After the fall of the Empire the Archbishop paid further visits to Africa, and was for some time in Tunis. Before this he had given frequent indications of his abhorrence of slavery, and had been outspoken as to the efforts civilized nations should take in order to break it up. A very touching incident just recorded is that of Cardinal Sanfelice, who, having had sent him a valuable golden cross for his care of the sick during the cholera in Italy, has just sent this cross to Cardinal Lavigerie for the use of the anti-slavery fund. His creation as Cardinal dates from 1882.

A NEW ARRIVAL AT HOWLING GULCH.

THE BOYS, COMING IN FOR DINNER, DISCOVER IN THE HALLWAY EVIDENCE OF THE PRESENCE OF A STRANGER IN THE HOUSE.

AN AVENUE IN THE NEW MARKET.

THE NEW WEST WASHINGTON MARKET.

THE commonest matters of experience, when we come to look at them from a fresh point of view, are full of wonder, and resolve themselves into a complex web-work of relations. A striking illustration of this may be found in the market system of any great city. How New York is fed is a query the answer to which bristles with points of the greatest interest. Our market system began with the worthy old Dutch burghers, when under Governor WOUTER VAN TWILLER, about 1635, they ceased to be mere Indian traders living on the fruits of barter in kind, and began to be citizens. The West India Company, who owned New Amsterdam and managed it as a close corporation, opened a general provision store with listed prices; and a few of the magnates who owned large tracts of land were the principal market gardeners and cattle dealers. From this crude origin to the market system of to-day, which taxes the resources of a continent and lays under contribution even the products of the torrid zone, what a magnificent expansion! Yet it has only marched *æquo pede* with the strides of the civilization of which it is one of the most notable symbols and outlets. Its history is largely a matter of that civilization itself, and to recount it even in outline would be to record a very important section of the annals of the city.

About half of the early historic markets exist to-day either under the same name or in the line of legitimate succession. Catherine, Jefferson, Clinton, Tompkins, Centre, Essex, and Union are old landmarks of the city, though, like the "thrice-built Troy," several of them have arisen from the débris of their predecessors. This, too, is peculiarly true of the two great markets, Washington and Fulton, which are household words throughout the United States, for the net-work of their business extends thousands of miles, in spite of the fact that large cities everywhere cut the radii of their distribution. Fulton Market, opened in 1821, was the successor of the old Vley or Fly Market, which extended along the East River on either side of Maiden Lane. In one of the papers of the period we read a summary of the advantages of the new site: "Its vicinity to the ferry, by which the marketing from Long Island will be saved the expense of cartage, and a basin for smacks and fish-cars unequalled in its purity from its depth of water and the rapidity of its current, being decidedly in its favor for keeping and having good fish, which the waters of the Fly Market could not furnish, in consequence of the large sewer entering the slip, and in the summer season so offensive as to be prejudicial to good health." In spite of the execrable syntax of the old journalist, we learn from it the ancestral celebrity of our great fish market for its characteristic feature.

The immediate progenitor of Washington Market was the old Bear Market on Greenwich Street, between Fulton and Vesey streets, built in 1772, and it was first known as Oswego Market, from the institution which it succeeded. In turn it transmitted its name, and for many years after 1813, when Washington Market was completed on the original site, bounded by Washington, West, Fulton, and Vesey streets, it was called by the title familiar to the old citizens. With the rapid increase of population Washington Market expanded its sales into an enormous business, and finally it has become the depot of a larger trade than all the other markets in the aggregate, when we include the wholesale business of West Washington Market and the sales made at the Farmers' Open-air Market, the latter of which is one of the most picturesque features of New York market life. The original buildings, which were cheaply erected, at last began to look like an ancient coat, which the owner had outgrown, ragged at the elbows, full of rents, and covered with darns and patches. The greatest of our market-places, the daily sales in which sometimes reached almost fabulous amounts, offered to the eye of the curious stranger the disgraceful spectacle of a mass of old rookeries. Washington Market, while one of the glories of New York, was also one of its shames. Even to-day, though much improvement has been made both in the structure and internal arrangement of this magnificent food mart, which is in its way as much a representative institution of New York as the Stock-Exchange, the eye of the critic finds many things to offend his sense of fitness. In 1879 an ordinance passed the Common Council authorizing the rebuilding of the market, and this process of renovation has been progressing by fits and starts ever since. It is to be hoped that one day the city will build a magnificent structure worthy of the great business carried on in Washington Market.

Old West Washington Market, as it may be called to distinguish it from the new structure uptown illustrated and described in this article, is situated immediately opposite the retail market of which we have just spoken, on West Street, and between the same lateral limits. Originally the wholesale and retail business was carried on under the same roof, but as the tendency of trade to differentiate itself became stronger the wholesale dealers began to find accommodation in sheds and temporary structures on what was then a large block of vacant land. This separation began about 1853, and in the course of a few years the wholesale market became a vital fact in trade, and a spot little less interesting to the visitor than its brother across the street. From this provision exchange food supplies are carried by rail and steamer in many cases thousands of miles. Summer hotels and winter resorts along the whole line of the Atlantic seaboard, strange as it may seem, draw thence many of their table supplies; and those lovely sea-girdled paradises the Bahamas and Bermudas import from this great food mart some of the most important articles of their cuisine. The business done with the steam-ship and steam-boat lines centring in this port aggregates by itself a formidable weekly total, amazing to the unaccustomed mind.

The feature of market life most vivid in its impression on the eye curious in its study of men and manners is what is known as the Farmers' Market. From an early period in the city's growth, even long prior to the Revolutionary war, farmers and gardeners from the suburbs of the city twenty miles about had been in the habit of carting in their own produce for direct sale to purchasers. This branch of trade has grown with years, till it has become a medium of business little less important than the transactions of the regular market. This is the source of supply where most of the grocers of the city obtain their fruit and vegetables, and the scene at the height of its activity, for two or three hours before and after daylight, is animated in the extreme. At first this branch of market trade was distributed, but for many years past it has concentrated itself in the streets immediately in the vicinity of Washington Market, specially on West Street, till a new outlet for it was provided further uptown.

The down-town streets taken possession of by the farmers' wagons, though their right of occupation ceased at 8 A.M., suffered from this rustic invasion, which was as relentless as the grip of an octopus. The Comptroller's office for years was bombarded with complaints and reproaches that such important avenues of traffic should be choked up by the huge produce vans, even for a limited period in the morning. People doing business in the neighborhood fancied their rights invaded, as their comfort certainly was, by the howling and confusion of a very pandemonium. It was asserted that the Farmers' Market attracted crowds of thieves and roughs to the vicinity. Many of the countrymen themselves were stigmatized as little better than the city ruffians, and the open market got to be known as a standing nuisance. Yet it had become such an established institution, so necessary in the fixed methods of food distribution that its benefits far overweighted its evils. About ten years ago it was decided by the city government to establish a new site for the farmers' market, to which the country dealers could be gradually seduced, and thus relieve the congested condition of the down-town streets. The square on which once stood old Fort Gansevoort was the location selected. This is bounded by West, Little Twelfth, Washington, and Gansevoort streets. The block, containing forty-five city lots, is accessible by three ferries, and is most convenient for its purposes. Gas and electric-lights make it light as day at midnight, and ten paved streets, thirty-three feet wide, bordered by sidewalks six feet in width, intersect it north and south.

Here the Farmers' Market could fill its function to the best advantage, especially as the majority of the customers supporting the trade are grocers living further uptown. It was not long before the wagon produce trade began to stream to the new site, and now at least two-thirds of the Farmers' Market does its business on this spot and vicinity. It is a curious fact that the store-keepers and small merchants in the vicinity of Washington Market, whose grumbling furnished one of the causes that led to the adoption of a new stand, are now moving every influence to recall the farmers back to the old spot. The new market stand accommodates about 400 wagons, and already its space is severely taxed even in the less busy seasons of the year. In spring and early summer from 1200 to 1400 wagons pack the square, and overflow on the east as far as Eighth Avenue, on the north to Fourteenth Street on Ninth Avenue, and to Twenty-third Street on Tenth Avenue, on the great market nights, which are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. The last especially is a veritable Walpurgis Night in the confusion, bawling, and ribaldry which attend the competition for places and transaction of business. Night is made hideous by a cacophony which disturbs the slumbers of peaceful citizens for several squares away.

To meet the unexpected demand for space, which pressed hard in spite of this new outlet, an act was passed by the State Legislature providing for the transfer of the two blocks between West Street and Tenth Avenue for an addition to the Farmers' Market. This property, comprising about an acre and a half, was laid out, as the square on the other side of West Street had been, with paved avenues and sidewalks. But it was fated that it should be diverted to another use. The wholesale business at the old West Washington Market had long since outgrown its limits, and pressure had been frequently brought to bear on the authorities to provide a new home for it. Another cause also forced the action of the city authorities. The Dock Commission desired the property, and the interests of the water-front seemed to demand that it should be relegated to its custody. It was finally determined that the additional ground which had been set apart for the farmers' stand on Gansevoort Street should be devoted to the wholesale market-house, the erection of which had become necessary. The contract was given out a year ago last June, and the edifice, which is shown in our illustration, is now completed. It will be opened January 15th.

New West Washington Market, as it will be officially designated, is built of brick, and consists of ten buildings, each 183 feet by 50 feet. The north and south wings are surmounted by low Romanesque towers, and the façade is broken by fine arched gateways. No unnecessary ornamentation is used, but the effect is massive and pleasing, such as befits its purpose. There are 420 stalls, and the lucky incumbents have been selected out of 2800 applicants. The interior arrangements of the market are all that could be desired for convenience, provision for cleanliness, and adaptation for the wholesale market trade. The paved streets, twenty feet in width, traversing the structure east and west, are known as Loew, Thompson, Grace, Hewitt, and Lawton avenues. The new market was erected at an expense of about $1,000,000. The revenue of the city from its markets in 1887 was $265,000. Of this amount Washington Market contributed $70,000, West Washington $42,000, and the Farmers' Market $18,000. The rental of stalls varies from $4.50 per week upward, according to location. A very simple sum in arithmetic would seem to indicate that the returns of the new wholesale market to the city revenue will pay a handsome interest on the investment. With the final transfer of the wholesale trade to its new location, the tail of the Farmers' Market, which still winds and twists in the streets between Vesey and Fulton, will probably contract itself to the great square on Gansevoort Street. The important changes in the vicinity of the latter site have already been most notable. All the streets, radiating like arteries from the central heart, for blocks east, south, and north, are devoted to the produce commission business. Every store and cellar, even the sidewalks, display the luscious products of the earth, green, gold, or ruddy, from temperate and torrid zone. All the fruits in their season, and in quantities so great as to perplex estimate, perfume the air, and sweeten even the effluvia of the decaying vegetables which cumber the half-cleaned thoroughfares. The sovereignty of the suburbs of Washington Market as the ruler of the produce trade has already been more than half dethroned. This revolution in business has been the result of the Farmers' Market.

Let us glance at some of the curious features of this unique fair. Though held every morning, its special activity is manifest only every other day. Its life begins shortly after midnight, except on the last day, which augments itself by stealing Friday afternoon and evening. The stroke of twelve hardly clangs over a sleeping city before the heavy farmers' vans begin to clatter into the square from Westchester County, New Jersey, and Long Island. Each driver is anxious for the pick of the best place, and rivalry often ends in bloody noses. Business begins as soon as the grocers' wagons arrive, and the trade is at its fever-heat of excitement about dawn. The scene then deserves the pen of ZOLA or the brush of HALS. Brawny salesmen, swarthy with the tan of sun and wind, vociferate like Stentors, urging their wares against the counter-claims of rivals. Buyers and sellers chaffer and quarrel over the prices of cabbages, potatoes, celery, cauliflowers, and beets as if a world were at stake on the bargain. The traditions of Billingsgate are put to blush in the free fight of words, emphasized often with the stroke of the fist. Oaths, obscenity, coarse jests, and the hoarse cries of the venders vex the air, and the full glare of the lights makes the busy square blaze against the dark background like a piece of purgatory set in a frame. Many of the wagons are so huge as to be itinerating shops. A bulk twenty-five feet long, and piled up ten feet in height above the wheels, makes a formidable load, and when turned into cash some of these vegetable cargoes in times of high prices will fetch $200 each. The venders do not generally own the produce except in the case of the smaller wagons. Hirelings, selected for their rough tongues, thick brawn, and bullying tempers (for the farmers know the condition of the market), transact the business for the most part. These men, however loyal to their trusts, have no conscience in dealing with their patrons or with each other. The scenes are such as to justify the worst convictions of the pessimist. The faces one sees among these rustic marketmen, and their city satellites the carriers, who suck hard at the teats of the business, are in large degree of the most brutal type. All night, during the intervals of trade, the saloons and dives which cluster thick about the square are crowded with brawling drinkers, and stabbing affrays are not infrequent, as well as mauling with the knuckles. The police contingent which looks after the order of the market is sadly inefficient in number. With the onus laid on them of checking violence and trickery among the dealers and carriers, keeping the peace, and looking out for the petty thieves, mostly Italians, who prowl about watching for chances to steal, they can echo the lugubrious refrain of their operatic brethren in *The Pirates of Penzance*. The business of the Clerk of the Market, which is to collect the twenty-five-cent fee from each wagoner, is no sinecure. The tax is often exacted at the expense of ugly language freely spilt by these elusive brutes, and they have to be pursued in many cases into the lowest dives before the reluctant quarter satisfies the toll. When the wagoner cheats the city it costs his employer nothing, and means drink-money.

But even the character of the salesmen is not the worst feature of life in the Farmers' Market. The carriers constitute a guild which practically rules the conduct of business with a rod of iron, and cows the rough and brutal fellows who drive the wagons and sell the produce. These men have a monopoly of the porterage. Every load or part of a load, however small, transferred from the farmer's to the grocer's wagon, or other vehicle, even a peddler's hand-cart, must pay a dollar for carriage. This is as rigid as the laws of the Medes and Persians. These carriers, recruited from the roughest and often the criminal classes, are divided into two or three little societies as secret and unscrupulous as the Molly Maguires. There are about 250 of them in the uptown and down-town branches of the market, who are despotically controlled by a few chiefs. Several of the superior brigands—for they are little better—have made large fortunes in their business. "Tim the Ripper," "Terry the Lug," and similar sobriquets mark the character of this caste of business Thugs. They frequently exercise their terrorism to put prices up or down at will; and probably make various private exactions from their victims, who again may perhaps become co-conspirators at the expense of the innocent farmer sleeping in his Jersey homestead. A restive wagoner is quickly brought to terms. He is drawn into a quarrel and terribly beaten by a gang of ruffians before the police can interfere; or he is beguiled into a drinking dive, and in his absence his harness is cut to pieces and his load scattered on the muddy pavement. So he finds it best for both his skin and his pocket to think twice before he takes stand against his tyrants.

Of course all the markets are governed by regulations drawn up by the Comptroller. But the evils which have grown up in the Farmers' Market have been very difficult of management, and the business cannot be watched as in the case of dealers who pursue their transactions under cover in the inclosed market buildings. The very nature of the trade, too, is so irregular as to give more opportunity for license, confusion, and abuses. Some of the features of the farmer's market-stand, however should be repressed at any cost, and heroic remedies used. Such as the business is, it supplies a large portion of the vegetables needed for New York consumption; and it will always be associated with West Washington Market as part of the great wholesale mart of the provision trade.

THE NEW DREXEL BUILDING.

HISTORIC old Independence Square, in Philadelphia, which has for several decades stood in the last trench of Quaker conservatism, is now flanked by two of the most imposing-looking buildings in the country. If Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS's dark brown *Public Ledger* office, on the southwest corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets, was an architectural innovation in 1866, what must now be thought of Mr. A. J. DREXEL's new marble-white building at the southeast corner of Fifth and Chestnut? In everything that marks the advance of architecture and the size and character of office buildings the new DREXEL structure is as much an original departure from prevailing methods and attainments as the *Ledger* office was in 1866, and it shows, as far as one building is capable of doing, the abandonment of the old theory that Philadelphia had all the room that she needed for business purposes without piling brick and stone up into the sky, after the pernicious manner of the unfortunate inhabitants of New York. Philadelphia has found, I think, that what she needed was concentration, and not an abundance of ground. The closer that any branch of general business can be grouped about its acknowledged centre, the more economically and satisfactorily can that business be carried on.

By its size, its situation, and its adaptability to existing circumstances the new DREXEL building has become the head-quarters of the banking and brokerage business of Philadelphia. The presence of the Philadelphia Stock-Exchange, three large banks, and nearly four hundred office rooms in the building hardly leaves the question of head-quarters open to discussion.

The new edifice was built under rather unusual circumstances. Mr. A. J. DREXEL built for his firm of DREXEL & Co., bankers, in 1885, a marble bank building at Fifth and Chestnut streets, which was claimed to be the finest private bank structure in the world. Subsequently he purchased from the government the old post-office property, which, in addition to properties already owned by him, gave him control of all the land bounded by Chestnut Street, Fifth Street, Library Street, and Custom-house Place, with the exception of a small lot facing Chestnut Street, and owned by the Independence National Bank. Mr. DREXEL then determined to transform his bank property into a huge marble office building. Not succeeding in his endeavor to purchase the Independence National Bank's realty, he decided to enclose it on three sides by building around it. The illustration will show how this was done.

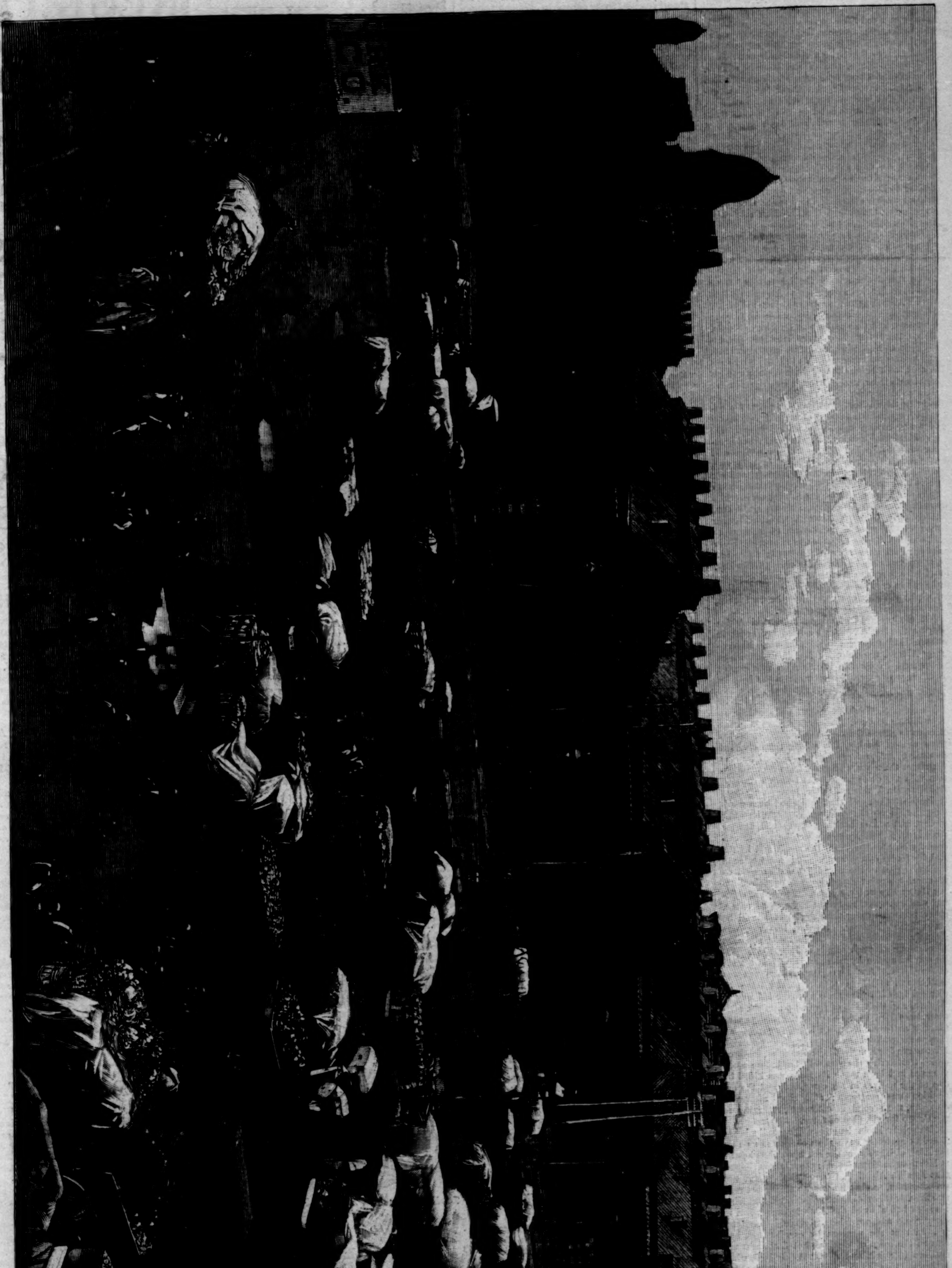
THE NEW DREXEL BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA.

At first glance it would be taken for granted that the three-story ornamental front in the centre of the big structure is the entrance. It is merely the Independence National Bank, however, which has nothing whatever to do with its overshadowing neighbor. For uniqueness of situation I doubt if this three-story bank can be matched anywhere in America. As a foil to set off the soaring height of the DREXEL building, and to emphasize the contrast between the old and the new in Philadelphia, it could not be better than it is. Doubtless the directors of the Independence National Bank are perfectly willing to have their building act as a foil, so long as it is in the very centre, so to speak, of the financial headquarters of Philadelphia.

The DREXEL building is in the form of a huge letter H, consisting of two parallel wings connected by a corridor. Each wing is 220 feet long, 56 feet wide, and 135 feet in height above the sidewalk. The west wing contains the banking house of DREXEL & Co., on the Chestnut Street corner, and various offices facing on Fifth Street and Library Street. The bank remains just as it was before the big structure was built above it. The roof, of course, was taken off, but the bank was not disturbed during the process of construction. The northern half of the east wing is occupied by the Tradesmen's National Bank and DE HAVEN & TOWNSEND, bankers, on the ground-floor; by the Philadelphia Stock-Exchange on the two floors above, and by smaller offices still higher up. The south half of the east wing contains large and small office-rooms. The space between the two wings forms an interior court, which gives light to the offices. As the Independence National Bank property extends back from Chestnut Street 105 feet, the interior court is only half as long as the wings.

The building is constructed of marble throughout. There are, naturally, architectural details of iron, wood, and terracotta, but the great bulk of the material is marble. The best of material was used, and although the finish is in all respects plain, yet the effect is singularly rich and elegant. The Board-Room of the Stock-Exchange differs from the rest of the building in so far as it has been finished and decorated elaborately and artistically. WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

THE OLD WEST WASHINGTON MARKET.—DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER.—[SEE PAGE 1007.]



THE NEW WEST WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK CITY.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 1007.]

THE FATE OF EMIN.

TOWARD the middle of December the news reached England that Emin Pasha, the courageous Governor of Egypt's equatorial provinces, was a captive in the hands of Khalifa Abdullah, the Soudanese insurgent leader, better known as the Mahdi. The evidence of this capture was furnished to the British commander at Suakin by Osman Digna, one of the Mahdi's officers, who has for a long time been attacking that Red Sea port. He wrote that Omar Saleh had encountered Emin at Lado, on the upper Nile, about two hundred miles north of Emin's main station at Wadelai, and held both him and a white companion as prisoners. The inference was at once drawn that this companion was Stanley, and it seemed to be corroborated by Osman Digna's sending in a correct copy of a letter which the Khedive had intrusted to Stanley to deliver to Emin. He also sent some Snyder cartridges such as Stanley's men were thought to have carried, although the proof on this point has since been disputed.

Emin Pasha is in many ways a most remarkable and interesting man, and even apart from the exciting circumstances which have lately concentrated attention upon him, he would deserve to be mentioned among the foremost of those who have devoted their lives to African civilization. According to the accounts given in German geographical publications, his name is Edward Schnitzer, and he was born at Oppeln, in Silesia, March 28, 1840. Two years later his parents removed to Neisse, where his father died in 1845, and his mother remarried. At the Catholic school in that town he was taught from his tenth to his eighteenth year, and developed a strong love for natural history in many of its forms. Thence he went to the University of Breslau, where his scientific aptitudes and love of making collections of birds, insects, and so on, were fostered. He chose medicine as his profession, and from Breslau went to Berlin. Eager for new scenes and experience, he established himself in 1864 as a Turkish government doctor in Albania, and six years later was medical officer in an expedition to Syria and Arabia. Other expeditions carried him to various parts of the Ottoman Empire. When, accordingly, Gordon was intrusted by the Khedive with the charge of Egypt's provinces in the upper Nile region, it was not strange to find Dr. Emin assigned as a member of his staff; and when Gordon was called away to Khartoum, Emin Bey, as his rank was at that time, had already shown himself so capable as an administrator that Gordon placed in his charge, with entire confidence, the province lying near the equator.

Of the progress of events in central Africa during the last six years we need not speak in detail. It is sufficient to say that when Mohammed Ahmed, the so-called Mahdi, under whom the successful Soudan insurrection was carried out, began to extend his sway down the Nile, he also pressed Emin Bey in the equatorial province. The defeat of Hicks Pasha and the massacre of his command, Gordon's return up the Nile to Khartoum, and Lord Wolseley's campaign in the Soudan to rescue Gordon, with the British operations around Suakin, for a long time diverted general attention from Emin. Indeed he was for about three years shut off from communication with the outer world. At length a Russian traveller, Dr. William Junker, brought through to Zanzibar the news that Emin had been gradually forced up the Nile, yielding station after station, and was established at Wadelai, not far from Lake Albert Nyanza, where he was threatened by hostile natives on the south and by the Mahdi's forces on the north. This news came in the latter part of the year 1886, and as soon as practicable a relief expedition was organized under Henry M. Stanley. Much difference of opinion was expressed as to the route to be taken, many persons urging that the start should be made from Zanzibar. Stanley, however, was strongly in favor of the Congo route, and that was the one adopted. Early in June, 1887, Stanley started up the Aruwimi, an important branch of the Congo. A reserve camp at Tambuga was established, and then with a picked force he plunged into the wilderness to make his way to Wadelai and the relief of Emin. From the midsummer of 1887 to the close of the present year nothing authentic has been heard from him, although there have been many disquieting rumors. His reserve force, under Major Barttelot, followed on his trail during the past year, but before much progress had been made Barttelot was killed by one of the natives in his command, and the expedition was scattered; and soon afterward Jameson, the second in command, returning to the Congo for aid, died of fever.

Meanwhile Emin had been repeatedly heard from. One letter gave the welcome news that the King of Uganda, at the south, was less hostile to him than had been feared; other letters showed that Khalifa Abdullah, the new Mahdi, was not pressing him, so that he was no longer between two fires. Still another letter indicated that King Mwanga had allowed the Arab Mahomet Biri to carry goods and provisions to Emin. One letter showed that the negroes, by carelessness, had burned the town of Wadelai, but Emin was undaunted in spirit and rebuilt it. Indeed, when he learned that Stanley was about to succor him, he expressed the greatest determination not to quit his post. Presently it was learned that he was about to be absent from his station to explore the Kakibbi River.

It is said that the Mahdi has conquered all the equatorial province; and there is no reason why, if Emin was captured at Lado, the Mahdi's forces should not march up the Nile and take Wadelai—unless, indeed, Stanley was left behind by Emin to hold it. But even if the success of Arab fanaticism is complete, the Soudanese negroes will not wholly forget what Emin has done for them.

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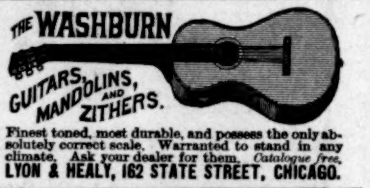

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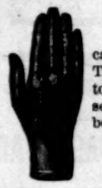

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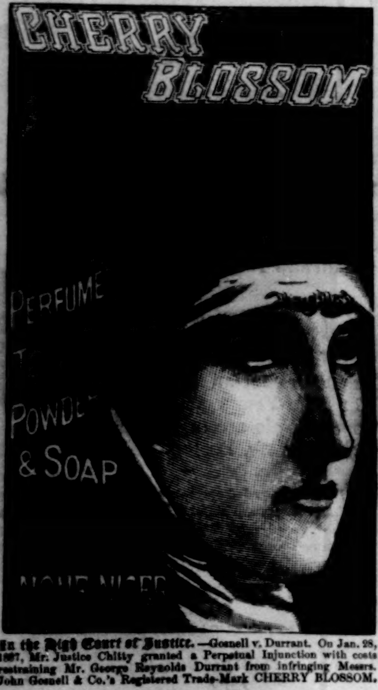

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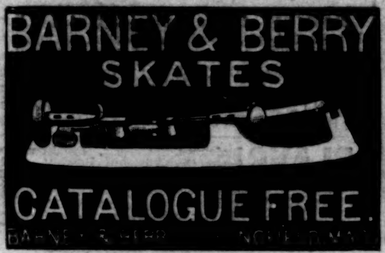


THE CITY OF WICHITA, KANSAS.

"THE PRINCESS OF THE PLAINS."

WHEN one reads the history of the far West as it is outlined on the face of nature, and not as it is printed in the records of recently settled State capitals, the belief that the land beyond the Missouri is a new country is seen to need serious qualification. As civilization is considered at this end of the nineteenth century, the far West is the newest type of modern progress, but as it is written on the rocks and cliffs and lonely plains of Arizona and New Mexico, it ranks in age with nations of Europe and Asia. A house-building, cloth-spinning, field-tilling people, learned in mathematics, agriculture, and various manufactures, became extinct in the remote Southwest more than a thousand years before Columbus landed on San Salvador. Zuñi and Moqui are only imperfect traditions of this ancient race.

In later history the West can claim incontestable priority. At Taos, New Mexico, people are now living in a five-story house that was inhabited before COLUMBUS was born. The Pilgrims touched Plymouth Rock nearly fourscore years after the topographical appearance and agricultural possibilities of Kansas were known at the court of Spain. Men in armor had camped on the site of the city of Wichita as early as 1541. One marvels a little now and again that this oldest part of America should be the last to line up in the ranks of modern civilization, and that it should have waited three centuries for the awakening touch of men whose forefathers made an unassuming settlement on the north Atlantic coast two thousand miles and more away. The Spaniard doubtless meant to hold the country for all time to come, but in the contest for the domination of the New World he went to the wall. It was the survival of the fittest.

Had the Spaniards who flocked to southwestern America after CORTEZ wrought irreparable havoc in the Aztec kingdom spent as much energy in developing the resources of the country as they did in searching for treasure and fighting the savages, the city of Wichita might to-day be another and larger Santa Fé, and the Arkansas Valley a richer and more fertile Rio Grande country. As it is, the Spaniard has left in New Mexico and Arizona merely the remnants of a gentle, missionary religion, a broken and debased language, an indolent, mongrel race of people, and scores of beautiful local names, while the Arkansas Valley and all the country roundabout is controlled by men who have peopled even the waste places of the great continent to call it theirs.

The West can congratulate itself that New England instead of New Spain possessed its territory, for, beyond establishing a few missions among the Indians, the Spaniards did little more than destroy a people who, in some respects, were as good as themselves. The New England pioneer, on the other hand, was and is a builder. He fought the savages, it is true, but only in self-defence, and never for the mere sake of conquest. He occasionally had disputes with the Indians concerning the ownership of the lands; but whatever the merits of the question were two centuries ago, they are forever settled now. The West owes much to the intelligence, moral stamina, and painful energy of New England. Kansas especially shows the results of New England energy, although the Yankee characteristics have been filtered through the successive sieves of Ohio, Illinois, and Missouri. The percentage of New-England-born people in Kansas is perhaps very small, but the number of inhabitants from Ohio, Illinois, and Missouri who claim New England forefathers is undoubtedly very large. It took several generations of people to get as far west as Kansas.

The preponderance in Kansas of men of Eastern origin causes the student of civilization to ask what has become of the flocks of foreigners who land at Castle Garden every year. If they go West, as thousands upon thousands of them do, they must sink out of sight beneath the native-born population, for in the West, at least, the American is decidedly the head and front of modern progress. Aggressively patriotic Americans ought to find great comfort in the snap and go of the new West. It is so genuine American in quality, and withal so honest and sincere, that no reasonable-minded foreigner can take exception to it. Any foreign-born person who fails to become imbued with the American enthusiasm of the West after a short residence in it is usually looked upon as dull, selfish, and slow. Indeed, if the stranger possesses any degree of human sympathy he is sure to catch the Western spirit very readily, and if he is not actually ready to bet on anything American at sight, he may always be relied upon to do his best for that particular part of the West in which he lives. The propensity to lay a wager on anything American as opposed to a similar thing of foreign origin is at all times a charming characteristic of Western folk. I was passing through Denver when the first race between the *Thistle* and the *Volunteer* was being sailed. A crowd was gathered at the bulletin in front of the *Republican* office.

"Say, pardner," asked a big fellow just in from the Aspen mines, "what's them things a-racin' back there to New York?"

"Yachts," I replied.

"What's yachts?"

"Small ships used for pleasure sailing."

"Oh, boats! Well, look a-here, pardner, I'll bet a twenty on the Yankee. Do you stay with me?"

As I was willing to lay a small wager that way myself, the big fellow elbowed his way through the crowd, trying in vain to get a bet against the Yankee. He knew no more about yachts than he did about the political economy of Madagascar, yet he was anxious to lay his money on the *Volunteer* because she carried the American flag. He and all the others in the crowd were sure that anything American was bound to win.

The public expression of this sort of patriotism may not be considered correct form among certain kinds of amiable Eastern people, yet it is really one of the strongest foundations of the American nation. This unwavering faith in one's own country, and particularly in one's own local community, is a characteristic of the West that I admire consistently and unreservedly, because it shows that, no matter what the fears of abnormally timid theorists, America is in no danger of slipping out of the control of the American people. Kansas alone is a rock of patriotism that never can be shattered. To study the different cities of Kansas, one would think that the American feeling was growing almost as rapidly as her population. The new cities seem to have it more strongly developed than the older ones, although this feature may be as much the result of extraordinary growth as the natural manifestation of patriotism.

In Wichita, which is claimed to be the largest city in Kansas, one hesitates to decide whether the charmingly exuberant feeling is due to native patriotism or to local pride in the achievements of this young giant of the Southwest. If it be merely Wichita pride I can hardly find reason to quarrel with it, for Wichita has as good a right to her pride as any city in the world. At this Christmas-time of 1888, Wichita is a city close upon forty thousand inhabitants; at this time seventeen years ago it was an insignificant little trading post, which had vague hopes of becoming in the uncertain future a cattle town. The early settlers of Wichita had undoubted faith in the location of their town. They knew that where two rivers met, and where Indians were wont to gather for tribal council, the white man eventually would build a city. In addition to these two evidences of Nature's choice of a commercial site, there was the amazing richness of the valley lands to herald the future greatness of the locality. CORONADO saw the promise of the soil when he camped there on his gold-seeking expedition in 1541. He wrote, "The earth is the best possible for all kinds of productions of Spain, for while it is very strong and black, it is very well watered by brooks, springs, and rivers." Another member of the mailed band wrote: "It is not a country of mountains; there are only some hills, some plains, and some streams of very fine water. It satisfied me completely. I presume it is very fertile, and favorable for the cultivation of all kinds of fruit."

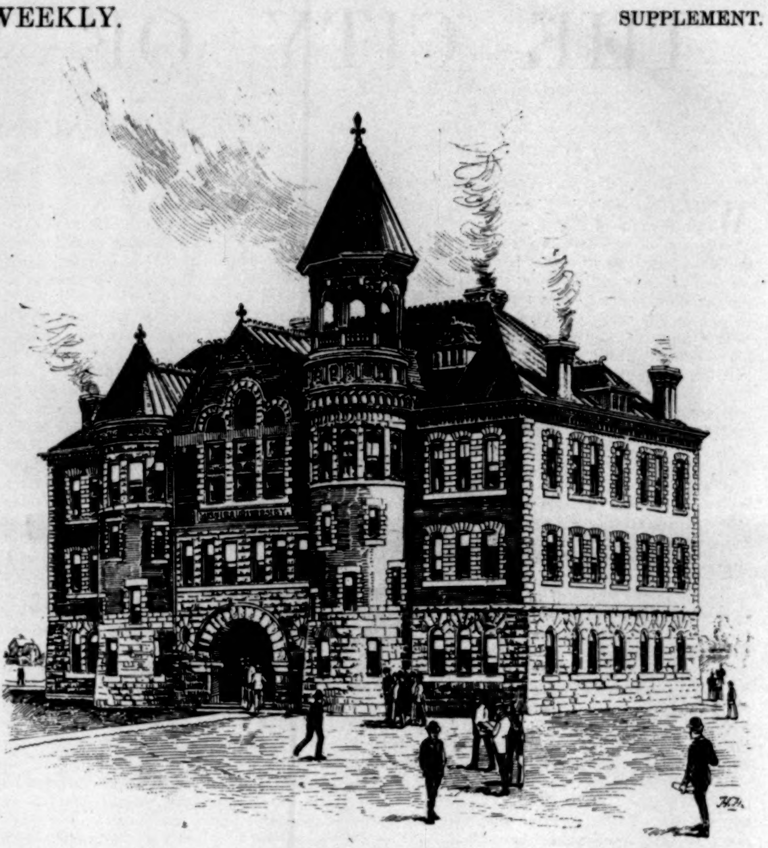
The richness of the Arkansas Valley soil was not made practical use of, however, until three and a third centuries afterward, when Wichita turned from cattle dealing to farming. Indian trading and cattle buying kept the few inhabitants of early Wichita pretty well employed for a number of years. The first trading camp was established in 1863, and a year later the Wichita Indians went into camp at the mouth of the Little Arkansas River, for the purpose of tilling the soil. They returned south in 1867.

In the early part of 1867, Sedgwick County was established by the Kansas Legislature, and in November, 1868, Wichita was made county seat in an election polling only thirty-five votes. This was the actual beginning of Wichita. The new County Commissioners began the duties of their office by licensing a whiskey saloon, which was a proceeding not at all to their credit, as Kansas now looks at official acts.

The first event to bring Wichita into public notice occurred in 1869, when a great treaty was made between the United States and the Wichita, Cheyenne, Arapahoe, and other tribes of Indians. In 1870 the new place had advanced sufficiently to have a hotel and post-office, a law office, and a bank. The postmaster carried the mail in his hat, and delivered it himself in the intervals when he was not entertaining the casual traveller at his hotel. In the year following, the inhabitants succeeded in getting the new place incorporated as a city of the third class. During that year 800,000 head of cattle were driven north through Sedgwick County to Newton, on the main line of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad. Early in 1872 the cattle-shipping point was trans-

VIEW OF WICHITA FROM THE WEST SIDE.

ferred from Newton to Wichita by the building of the Wichita and Southwestern Railroad, a branch of the Santa Fé system. Then the first settlers awoke to a painful sense of change. The peaceful, sleepy little trading post became the roughest, wildest, and wickedest place in the West. The desperado from the cattle trail and the gambler and dance-house keeper from Kansas City made the town what they pleased, and the moral force of the respectable people there was not strong enough to hold them in check. For four years Wichita had a bad name among the young towns of Kansas; and, what was worse, she deserved it. This was unfortunate for the future reputation of the place, as, among people in other States, such a reputation clings to the name for years after the cause of it has vanished. Even now it is sometimes necessary to explain to amiable persons in the East that men no longer shoot one another in Wichita's streets, and that the cowboys have ceased to round-up the town of a Saturday night. Good mothers who send their sons West to grow up with the country cannot understand, unaided, how a town can change its moral character completely in a few years. Doubtless they fear that a little of the old law-breaking spirit may be lingering in Wichita yet. It can be found, I think, unless the Wichita police force has recently exterminated a number of illegal liquor places generically known as "joints." If this reform has not been accomplished, the Mayor and Chief of Police of Wichita no doubt will bring it about as soon as this intimation of the evil's existence reaches them.


WICHITA UNIVERSITY.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

When the cattle-shipping point was transferred to Dodge City, on the main line of the Santa Fé, in 1876, Wichita had, as available capital for reorganization, a bad name, and a population of about three thousand. How bad this name was may be inferred from the fact that soon afterward Dodge City became known as "the first station beyond perdition."

In the way of material possessions Wichita had a straggle of flimsy wooden buildings, a number of unkempt streets, one railroad, and two or three lively newspapers. Business was rather quiet for several years. The St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad came into Wichita in 1880, and cheered the inhabitants up a trifle, but it was not until 1882 that any systematic effort was made to build up the place.

The person best fitted to lead an upward movement was in Wichita at that time. This was MARSHALL M. MURDOCK, editor of the Wichita *Eagle*, who had lived in Kansas long enough to know what was needed, and who had the necessary moral stamina, faith, and ability to carry his plans for the improvement of the town into effect. Fortunately, and opportunely for Wichita, Mr. MURDOCK had an ambition to build a city, not for pecuniary profit, but to show what great miracles man could work in southwestern Kansas. In all the subsequent growth of Wichita, Mr. MURDOCK did not have a penny of his own at stake except what he had invested, with his brother, in his newspaper. Had he speculated in town lots, as he might have done, and as he had a perfect right to do, he easily could have made several hundred thousands of dollars, but, at the same time, his influence with the people and the power of his newspaper would not have been nearly so great as they are now, and I doubt if the city of Wichita would have grown so steadily, and kept its increase so solidly, as it has done. Mr. MURDOCK knew that if he engaged in speculations the people would say: "Oh, we understand that. Colonel MURDOCK is saying two words for himself and one for Wichita."

Just here the average Western town-builder can learn a valuable and useful lesson. This Wichita town-builder turned aside from many a tempting bait of speculation in order that his influence for the general good of Wichita might not be weakened, and because he was willing to sacrifice his natural desire for wealth to the end that his ambition to build a large city might have no hinderance or restrictions. There could be only one result of this man's remarkable course of action. The *Eagle* became such a power in Wichita and southwestern Kansas that whatever it said was received as law and gospel. The paper increased rapidly in circulation and general business, until to-day it is one of the finest properties of its kind in the West. It is the only paper in Kansas, with one exception, that is printed on a perfecting press from stereotype plates. I confess that I was not wholly prepared to see a perfecting press in a place only seventeen years old.

The plan followed by Mr. MURDOCK and his coadjutors in building the city was in effect the same as that put in use by other new places in Kansas. The resources and natural advantages of Wichita were set forth in the columns of the *Eagle* and other papers, and sent broadcast throughout the Central and Eastern States. When investors visited Wichita to investigate the truth of these glowing advertisements, they were induced to stay and help build the city. Usually the visitor needed little persuasion to stay; indeed, when he visited the place, and saw with what energy it was growing, he invested his money and turned boomer himself. Occasionally when some big manufacturer hung back, the Wichita folk gave him a piece of land and a sum of money, and so compelled him to come in. Kansas City complains that the unduly enterprising Wichita people have taken more than one valuable manufacturing industry over her head. If Kansas City feels pained at this lack of consideration on the part of Wichita, she should remember that it takes something more substantial than a real-estate boom to make a city, and that in the country beyond the Missouri the rivalry among the growing towns is hardly less bitter than an open vendetta. Wichita likes nothing better than to take meat-packing industries and manufacturing establishments away from Kansas City, because such additions to Wichita naturally increase her working population, her business facilities, and her wealth.

These town rivalries are very interesting, and often very amusing to the stranger. Unhappily they are not always so amusing to the towns concerned. I look upon the average town rivalry as something like a family quarrel, with the exception that the town rivalry keeps the public informed about the State, and so adds to the population and material prosperity, while the family quarrel merely keeps the public informed about the family, and does nothing for the State. So long as rival towns content themselves with seeking to outdo each other in the matter of advertising the natural resources of their tributary country, it is all very pleasant and charming, but as soon as one town seeks to disparage another town's enterprises, and to frustrate well-laid plans for industrial improvement, there is likely to be a cyclone of hard words and bitter recriminations.

I do not see the necessity for these town quarrels. The great State of Kansas is able to support a dozen or more cities larger than any now within her borders. Some day Kansas will have four times as many people as the census returns show that she has to-day. The large cities will adjust themselves to circumstances, and to the needs of certain areas of country. Where nature has selected a site for a city, there a city will grow as naturally as grass in spring. A stretch of territory covering a certain number of square miles of agricultural land, and containing a certain number of people, will have a city of its own, no matter what the advantages of other agricultural districts. If this city is not made a manufacturing centre prematurely, it will get its natural growth in time. Moreover, it will grow as fast as its surrounding district grows, and never any faster. In no case will the city outgrow the country.

It seems to me to be entirely useless for Kansas towns to go into ecstasies of rage over the movements of other towns, when time and the increase of country population will build them all with an impartial hand. Perhaps if I had four or five blocks of building lots in a promising Kansas town I should be as unwilling as the average real-estate boomer to let the place regulate the pace of its own growth. Circumstances are said to alter cases.

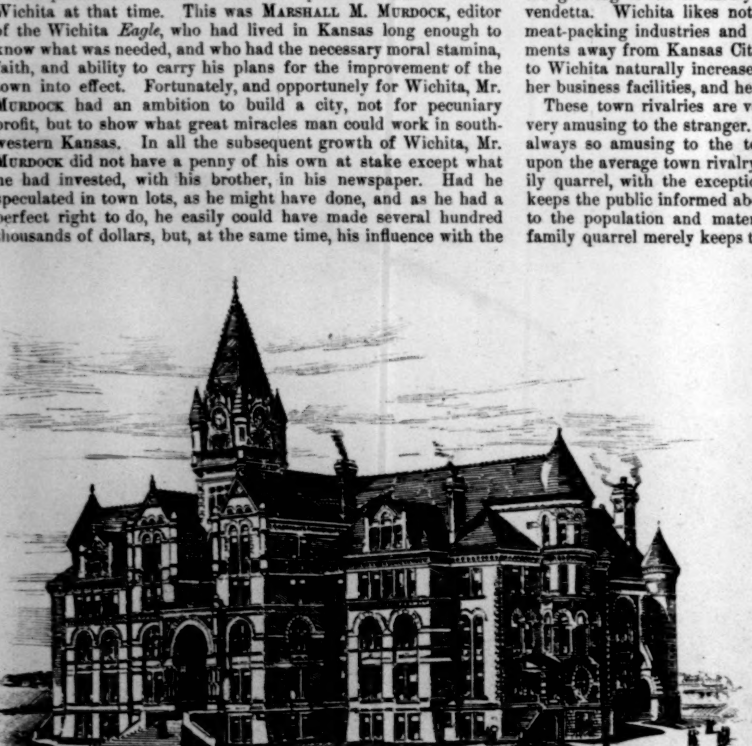
I once asked a Kansas lot-owner why he did not cease his incessant booming and wait for his town to grow.

"Why," said he, "that would take ten or fifteen years!"

"Well, you can afford to wait that long for a fortune," I explained.

"Wait! Me wait? Why, I've got to sell them lots and take my family to Europe in less than three years—and do it in style, too."

Wichita had her share of such men at one time. Her real-estate boom, which began in 1882, grew steadily year after year, until speculators came to believe that it would go on indefinitely. It was precisely similar to all other real-estate booms, so that a description of it is unnecessary, and it bade fair to end as all booms have ended, in chaos and disaster. Just in the height of the boom, when lot-owners were holding out doggedly for higher prices, and buyers were shivering with apprehension lest they should lose the bargain of their lives, the *Eagle* did one heroic thing. It in-

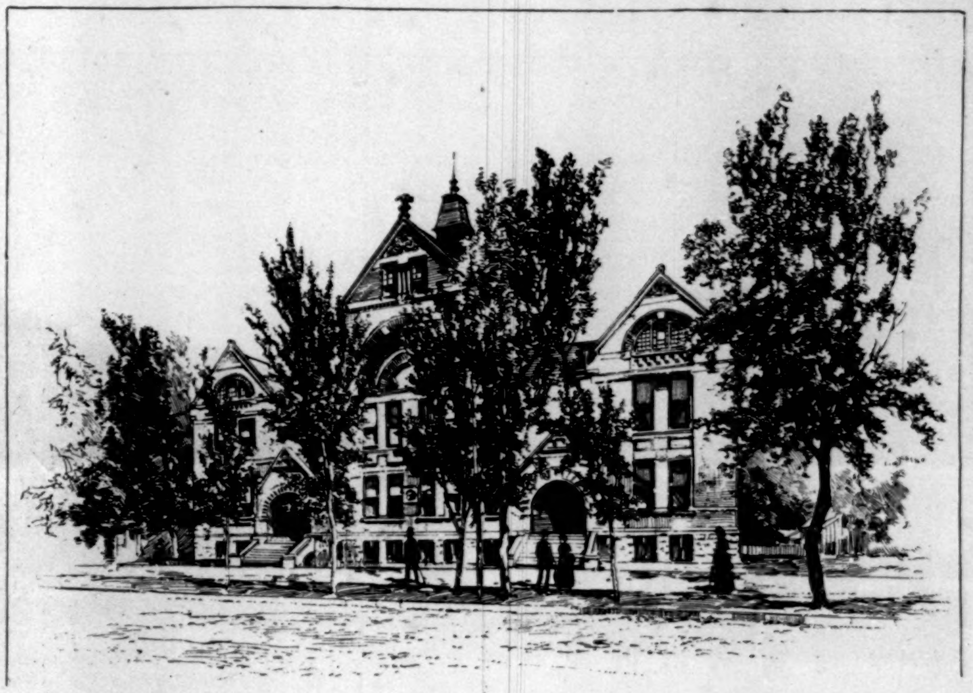

GARFIELD UNIVERSITY.

LAWRENCE AVENUE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

sisted that the real-estate boom should end. The editor was aware that his personal friends were mixed up in the boom, yet none of them knew of his determination before it fell among the real-estate offices like a dynamite bomb. From the *Eagle's* decision there was no appeal. The boom ceased in one day. There have been few more convincing illustrations of the absolute influence of an honest newspaper than this.

The checking of the boom saved Wichita from a long season of stagnation and hard times. Had the boom gone on to its uttermost limit, and exploded like a bubble, Wichita might have struggled for years with a clouded name and an impaired credit before she could have established herself on a sound footing. Instead of a long period of hopeless and all but heart-breaking inactivity, she has had years of prosperity and unflagging increase. The city grew in a more satisfactory way after the boom had been checked than it did before. As fast as the real-estate speculators dropped out, manufacturers and business men came in and took their places. The Burton Stock-Car Works, with their immense plant and their numerous workmen, were worth more to Wichita than the entire real-estate boom, and the location of JACOB DOLD & SONS' meat-packing establishment meant more for the permanent good of the city than two or three million dollars of speculative transfers in town lots. It was the actual, visible presence of institutions such as these that gave Wichita much of her best growth. When outside people saw that Wichita had as many factories, houses, and business places on the ground as she had on paper, they were in no way inclined to doubt the genuineness of the city's prosperity. It is a mistake to suppose, as many persons do, that Wichita's growth was the result of a few months of ecstatic excitement. The census returns will show the real state of affairs. In 1870, Wichita had 70 inhabitants; in 1880, four years after the cattle business had been transferred to Dodge City, 5482; in 1882, the beginning of the new life, 5779; in 1883, 8005; in 1884, with the boom under full headway, 12,470; in 1885, 16,019; in 1886, 20,121; in 1887, when the people had recovered from the real-estate craze, 31,760; and in 1888, while Eastern men are driving over the suburbs looking for manufacturing sites, nearly 40,000. These figures show an increase steady and consistent enough to satisfy the most conservative of Eastern investors.

Whether this rate of increase will be continued is difficult to predict, as so much depends on circumstances. Should the Indian Territory be thrown open for settlement, in response to the Western man's demand for more room and additional unpopulated areas to conquer and locate county-seats in, the city of Wichita might double her population in five years by the business that she would do as the outfitter and general distributor for the new country. As Wichita is only fifty miles north of the Indian Territory border at its middle point, it is inevitable that she should be the supply camp for much of the Territory, until such a time as the new settlers built a large city of their own. By that time Wichita's position would be unassailable. Wichita quite naturally demands that the Indian Territory shall be thrown open to settlement. To the inquiry concerning the disposal of the Indians, many of her citizens say: "Oh, send them somewhere out West. If you can't do any better, herd them together and give them three meals a day from the government crib. It would be cheaper than giving them one of the finest stretches of country in America." This particular Indian question will not be so easily settled, I fancy, as the Indians concerned are far more civilized and industrious than any of the nomadic tribes that occasionally put a dash of spice into the monotonous lives of the frontier soldiers. When an Indian ploughs the ground, manufactures wagons, builds schools and churches, and edits a newspaper, he cannot well be removed to the wilderness beyond the Great Salt Lake just because he does not happen to have a vote. The Indian question will be disposed of in time. Disinterested persons can see no reason to meddle with it now, while yet millions of acres of good land in Kansas and Nebraska are untouched. Wichita does not need the Indians' lands to make her great. She has southwestern Kansas, an empire in itself, to grow upon. If she cultivates this rich field, and plants it thick with farms, she will keep so busily employed during the next few years that she will have no time to spare for the Indians.



THE LEWIS ACADEMY.

CRAWFORD GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

The stranger will get an idea during a drive through the city that Wichita is pretty busy as it is. The long blocks of solid business buildings, the many beautiful private houses, and the miles upon miles of shaded streets show how earnestly and thoroughly the people have worked to make their city in all respects the "Peerless Princess of the Plains" that she is claimed to be. Visitors find it hard to believe that Wichita is not at least a third of a century in age and growth, yet the very newness of the bricks and the glister of fresh paint on the pine siding bear out the assertion of youth and rapid growth. If, by any chance, one should have doubts concerning the city's substantial character, he has only to consider the schools, the churches, the colleges, and the public buildings, to be convinced that a good share of the money made in the boom has been converted into the most permanent and useful of investments.

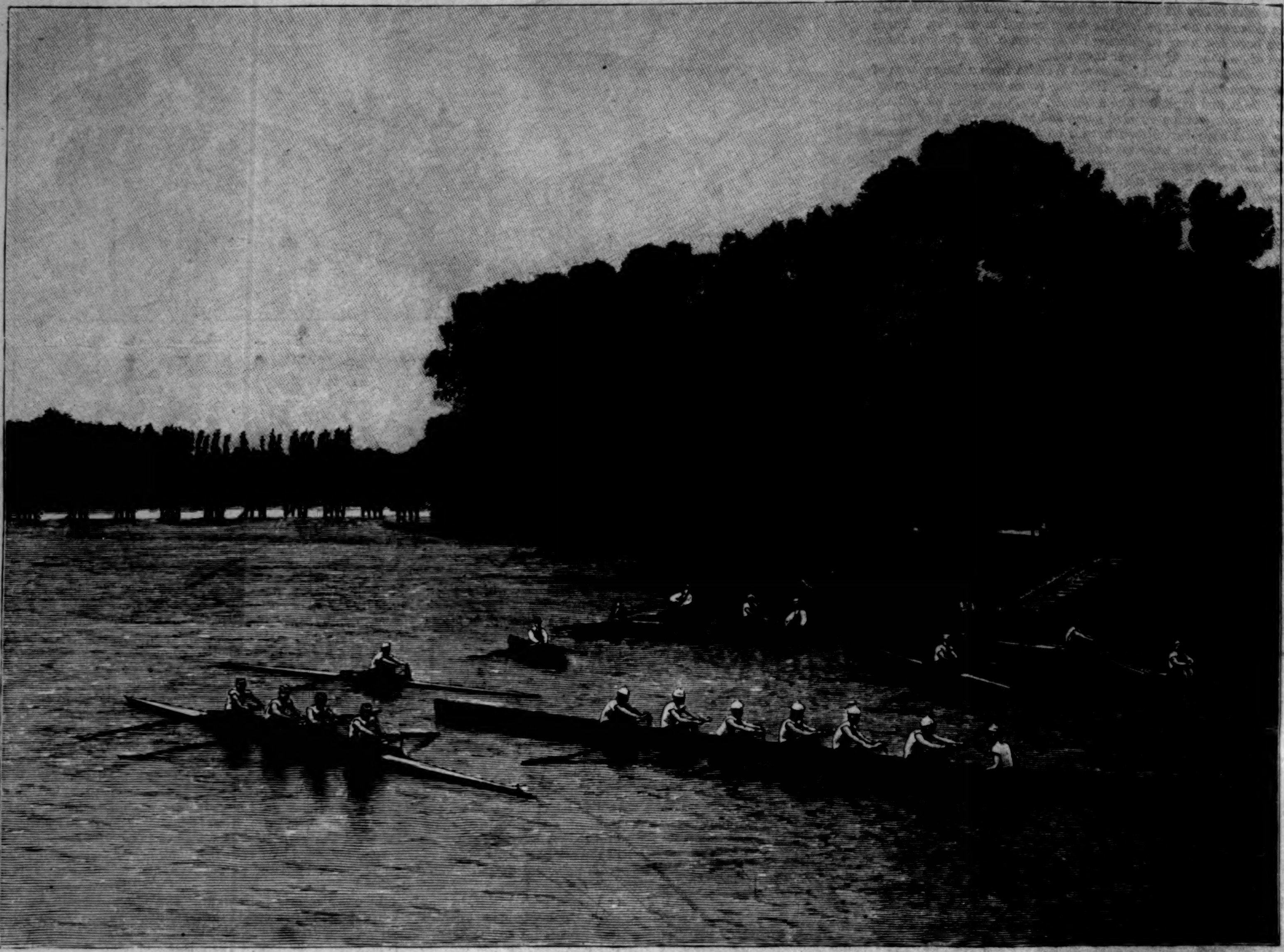
Of the buildings of a public nature, the new structure just built by the Young Men's Christian Association is the most creditable to the city. From an architectural point of view it would be a credit to a city four times the size of Wichita. In regard to the Association itself, I need only say that it fully deserves its splendid stone building. From the time that it was organized by a young man from Buffalo, N. Y., who is too modest to permit me to mention his name here, the Association has grown steadily in strength and good works, until to-day it is one of the best of its kind in the country. Garfield University, which was established as a memorial to President GARFIELD by the people of his religious faith, has a plot of land and some handsome buildings on the outskirts of the city. When finished, the buildings will cost close upon $200,000. This excellent institution seems to be an encouraging nucleus for an important university town. There are eight other colleges and places of learning in Wichita, in addition to the public schools. Not all of them have buildings yet, but those which have not are making preparations to build. With two exceptions they are under church control.

Like all Western towns, Wichita has good schools. It is a sturdy characteristic of the average Kansas man that he will insist upon maintaining good schools, even though he has to send his children to them with bare feet, and mended and threadbare clothes. The population of Wichita has increased so rapidly that several buildings have been rented for school purposes. This will be obviated, however, as soon as new school-houses can be erected.

In other respects, I think, the city's improvements have kept well abreast of her rapid growth. In the way of street railways, bridges, and telegraph, telephone, and electric-light facilities, there is little left to be done. There is talk of more railroads, but what part of the country they are to cover that is not already reached is hard to say. Wichita people supposed that when the great Rock Island road and the big Missouri Pacific system reached them they had transportation facilities enough and to spare, to say nothing of the Santa Fe and the Frisco lines. The Rock Island has gone a long way from home to tap the Southwest, but it seems to be bent on going still farther. It will do its share toward carrying the business of the Indian Territory and western Texas to Wichita's markets. The Missouri Pacific already has a large Texas trade, and it is securing a pretty firm grip on the Kansas and Colorado traffic. Any one of these four big roads would satisfy an ordinary town, but Wichita wants more. It would not be surprising to see a committee from her Board of Trade try to get an extension of the old Erie road from Chicago or Cincinnati to Wichita. There are a number of people in Wichita from along the picturesque line of the Erie.

The railroads give Wichita manufacturers and wholesale men unusually favorable opportunities for working up outside trade. So well is this facility appreciated by the local merchants that more than sixty business concerns send out from one to eight

MAIN STREET.



VIEW ON THE LITTLE ARKANSAS RIVER.

commercial travellers each, to handle the southwestern trade. Practical men will need no more convincing evidence of the advantageous location of Wichita than its success as an employer of commercial travellers. Men who keep wholesale stores, or who manufacture various articles, do not send commercial travellers to outlying towns for benevolent or patriotic purposes; their course of action is governed wholly by the amount of money that they can make out of it. One is tempted to doubt, occasionally, that manufacturers of staple articles can prosper in a city that is compelled to bring coal and raw material into her workshops on board cars, yet they seem to be thriving, if not actually amassing wealth.

The local manufacturers must find some way of competing with their Eastern rivals, for a community like Wichita, or indeed any other place, would not pay more for a home-made article than for one of outside origin. Wichita may have any quantity of patriotism and local pride, but in money matters she is unquestionably practical and business-like. The amiable and gentle fiction that people go West for their health has fallen into disuse. What men go West for is money. Some of Wichita's inhabitants are delightfully frank about their motives for leaving the East. One of them said to me: "I failed in business back East, and I came out here to begin again. By the time that I make my fortune here, I will be so well satisfied that I will not care to leave. I feel that I have an honest chance for myself here, because there are plenty of other men in Wichita who made a failure of it in the East. We all understand that, and we all believe that it is no disgrace to fail. You know perfectly well that failure is often a blessing in disguise."

In Wichita it matters very little what a man has done in the East, so long as he does what is right in Wichita. Main Street and Douglas Avenue merchants care nothing for business antecedents if a man is honest in his dealings and careful about the prompt payment of his bills. In something of the same way, Wichita society will not condemn a person because his grandfather sold codfish at retail in the streets of Boston, instead of at wholesale alongside the old India wharf or elsewhere. In Wichita the social test is social fitness, intelligence, and moral character. I look for Wichita to have a distinctively intellectual, scientific, and literary cast of society in a few years' time, as the colleges and other institutions of learning will naturally form the dominating influence in most social movements. In this respect Wichita has advantages possessed by few cities of her size in the country. That she will make use of them is beyond question. With her nucleus of colleges, and with people of more than ordinary culture and refinement, there can be no reason why Wichita should not become a social and intellectual leader of not only the cities of Kansas, but also of most of the cities west of Indianapolis. I do not look for Wichita to grow into a distinctively social city, however, until the rough edges left by the boom have been worn away. Just at present the city is too much concerned about its yearly increase in population and business to care for the enforced leisure and diversions of society. By the time that Wichita gets her growth, her restless people will find that some changes have come upon them unawares. The college influence will then be so strongly a dominating part of society that nothing short of a democratic upheaval can overthrow it. When that time comes it might be interesting to secure and record the opinion of one "Rowdy Joe" concerning the change since the cattle-shipping days, during which men were sometimes shot to death in his saloon merely for target practice. The change has, indeed, been great, yet the men who have made Wichita the largest city of the Southwestern plains marvel at it but little. They knew that it would come in the course of time, and knowing it, they felt confident, also, that at the proper time they would be as well qualified to adorn the ball-room or attend the five-o'clock tea as they had been to deal summarily, and even harshly, with the blood-thirsty propensities of some of the early inhabitants. It is a striking tribute to the comprehensive ability and culture of the Western man that he can, if public safety demands it, take part in one of Judge Lynch's trials in the dim gray of the morning, and yet not neglect his engagement for a full-dress reception the same evening. In a newly settled community it is impossible that the extremes of society should not meet; but for the upright man there is no contamination. Pure gold does not corrode.

In matters of social and physical recreation Wichita moves in the conventional groove worn smooth by the cities of the East. Owners of good horses find the driving in the city streets most excellent. The clean, hard thoroughfares are prettily shaded by double rows of sturdy young trees, and lined on each side by rows of modern-style houses, mostly of Northern pine, but sometimes of brick or stone. The drive can be extended over faultless country roads for many miles in any direction. In fact, one could drive to Kansas City or to Colorado on roads as adaptable to comfortable travelling as a Westchester County turnpike above the Harlem River. These out-door excursions may be varied by a dash after jack-rabbits on the open plains, or a mad race after a wandering coyote. The rider need never hope to run either of these animals down by even the swiftest of horses, but he can have a huge amount of exhilarating fun and furious galloping.

Perhaps the most astonishing thing in Wichita, in the way of sports, is the boat club. When I was informed that the young men of Wichita had a strong boat club, with single, pair-oared, four-oared, and eight-oared shells, I inquired, with some attempt at irony, if they had wheels under their boats. To ask the Eastern visitor to believe that out in the middle of Kansas, more than two hundred miles from the nearest navigable water, and almost within stone's-throw of the Indian Territory, there was a boat-house full of rowing shells, seemed like an imposition on the most flexible credulity, yet the presence of an eight-oared gig, going up the Little Arkansas River, with all the old familiar dash and swing, could not be contradicted. Then when a really imposing and creditable fleet of shells and gigs turned out for an afternoon spin on the race-course, I was willing to admit that such a surprising state of things might exist on the Little River, the peculiarities of which were unknown to me, but I insisted on maintaining that on the big Arkansas it was impossible. If there is a queer river in America it is this same expansive Arkansas. I have seen it bank-full of water at eight o'clock in the evening, and absolutely dry by daylight the next morning. It has an underground passage or two that it makes use of at odd moments. The river is a provoking thing to the patient farmer out on the western edge of Kansas. It is large enough to float a Mississippi River steamer when the water is not wanted, but when the farmer wishes to imitate his neighbors in Colorado by irrigating his crops, he finds that the river has dwindled to a mere trickle of water in the yellow sand. The farmer loses no time in threatening to sue or do bodily injury to the Colorado folk for using all the water. The river does its best. It rises in the Rocky Mountains north of Leadville, and slips down through the Arkansas Valley and fights its way along the Royal Gorge until it emerges on the plains above Pueblo a meek, unobtrusive, yellow creek. Nearly all the water that it has when it begins its long journey across the plains came through the Royal Gorge, where it was decidedly inferior to Frying-Pan Creek or the Roaring Fork of the Grand, on the western slope of the continental divide. There is never enough water in the river at any point, during the irrigating season, for the farmers to fight about. The western Kansas settler will do well to let his Colorado neighbor and the deceitful Arkansas River alone.

By the time that the Arkansas River reaches Wichita it has not much to say for itself, for beyond a winding bed of damp sand, and the glitter of pools of water here and there, it has no visible existence, except during freshet seasons, when it is spoken of as the American Nile. It is of little use for irrigating purposes. So far as that is concerned, however, it is not needed. The country tributary to Wichita has rain enough for most crops, and as the crop of the future will be corn, which will be fed to the hogs destined for the Wichita packing-houses, the present rate of rainfall is ample enough. A greater precipitation of moisture might prove to be an actual drawback. The hog will be Wichita's source of wealth in future, as her business men now see very clearly. It is well to bring in large manufacturing concerns, of course, but in the nature of things the city will be less a manufacturing point than an agricultural and commercial centre. At the same time the Wichita folk should remember that it is a comparatively easy matter to build packing-houses when the hogs and cattle are at hand to keep them busy. A packing plant as large as the new one at Wichita cannot be conducted at a profit unless it gets hogs enough to keep it busy. The Dold packing concern is able to handle all the hogs that Sedgwick County and its neighbors can furnish for the next five years, unless the Wichita business men create an unexampled boom in hog-raising. Dissatisfied Eastern farmers who want to raise hogs, and who know how to raise hogs, will find this situation of special interest. Moreover, there is enough good corn and hog land unoccupied in Sedgwick County to give every Socialist and land-tax theorist in New York a farm of his own.

When the fertile lands of Sedgwick County and southwestern Kansas are all under cultivation, Wichita will be able to tell just about how large a city nature intended her to become. The State of Kansas, too, may be expected to do some growing in that time. Her population of 1,600,000 probably will touch 5,000,000 before the limit of Sedgwick's resources has been reached. Wichita will be a city to be proud of then. She is getting ready for it now by beautifying her streets and improving her architecture. Two buildings now in course of construction are a presage of that future. One is the new post-office and government building, and the other the Sedgwick County court-house and jail. Each structure will cost $200,000. To say nothing of the colleges, the Young Men's Christian Association building, the imposing business blocks, and the handsome private houses, these two new buildings would be prophecy enough of the city's future. Assuredly the new West grows. WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.